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THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN

*REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE*

S. E. DE MORGAN









SOPHIA ELIZABETH DE MORGAN.

*From a photograph taken in 1886*





THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN

*REMINISCENCES*

OF THE LATE

SOPHIA ELIZABETH DE MORGAN

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

LETTERS TO AND FROM HER HUSBAND THE LATE  
AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, AND OTHERS

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER

MARY A. DE MORGAN



*WITH PORTRAIT*

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

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## INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR OF S. E. DE MORGAN.

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*SOPHIA ELIZABETH FRENCH, the writer of the following reminiscences, was born on November 10, 1809, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, at the Rock Insurance Office, of which her father was then actuary.*

*Although Bridge Street was not then, as now, encircled by miles of houses extending in all directions, and open ground could be reached in a moderate walk, still, it was the centre of London smoke, at that time heavier and thicker in proportion to the size of the city; and my mother, whose love of the country was always excessive, often spoke of the sadness with which her city surroundings filled her as a child, and the intense joy she felt at the change to Stoke Newington, then almost country, when, in 1819, her family moved there to the fine old house, with a beautiful garden, in which most of her girlhood was spent.*

*Many of the environments of the Rock Office were far from exhilarating, and it would certainly not have been chosen as a place of residence by my grandfather and grandmother apart from the work of the former. My mother often told us how in her walks she remembered seeing the poor debtors at the hatch of the old Fleet Prison, and, the Rock Office looking over the old Bridewell (then used as a house of detention), I have heard her speak of the horror which filled her childish imagination at the glimpses she caught through the barred windows of the prisoners, who, she said, would grin at her from behind the rails. Still, eighty years back the country came comparatively 'near to the heart of the city, and my mother could remember being taken for walks by her nurses to King's Cross when fields were to be found in that locality; and from the attic windows of the Rock itself, in clear weather, the Surrey hills could be seen.*

*Her father, William Frend, had in early life been a clergyman of the Church of England. He received his education at the King's School in Canterbury, of which city his father was twice Mayor. He afterwards went to St. Omer, and on leaving school was sent to a mercantile house in*

*Quebec, his father's wish being that he should engage in commerce. The experiment did not last long, as he was only eighteen on his return, when his father, yielding to his strong desire to take orders, entered him in 1776 at Christ's College, Cambridge, where for some time Paley was his tutor. He took his degree in 1780, being Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman of his year, and in the same year moved to Jesus College, where he was elected Fellow, and appointed Tutor to the College. In 1783 he took orders, and in November of that year was presented by Sir John Cotton to the small living of Madingley, in Cambridgeshire. Probably he would have done better for his worldly interests had he accepted an offer made to him at the time of ordination to proceed to St. Petersburg as tutor to the Archduke Alexander of Russia, which would have been a most lucrative appointment; but he entered the Church in obedience to the dictates of conscience, though from the same cause he felt constrained to sever his connection with it later on. He held his incumbency for four years, during which time his religious opinions underwent so great a change that he found it to be his duty to separate himself from the Church, at whatever risk to his own*

*prospects and the friendship of those he left behind. That it was impossible for him to do otherwise will be seen from such passages as the following:\** ‘*They will read the history of the Church, which teaches us that the power of the priesthood has in every age and in every part of the world been the cause of error, confusion, and bloodshed, and as human nature is the same in all ages, we may rest assured that as long as a priesthood remains, so long will our liberties, spiritual and temporal, be in danger.*

‘*At the present moment I esteem the Church of Rome as much as I do the Church of England, the Church of England as much as the Church of Scotland, the Church of Scotland as much as the workmen of Demetrius the silversmith. It is the same cry with them all—our craft is set at naught, great is Diana of the Ephesians.*

‘*Our Saviour and His Apostles do not countenance such establishments; the religion they taught is founded on conviction; it requires no external pomp, no proud parade of worship.*

‘*Lordly prelates, subscription to articles, and the imposition of tithes, are necessary only in that*

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\* *From a pamphlet entitled ‘Mr. Coulthurst’s Blunders Exposed.’*

*system of folly and superstition which disgraces human nature, and is in the present day "le bandeau du vulgaire et le mepris des grands."*

*The loss of his post as College Tutor (which he had held for seven years) followed the open expression of his views, not only in print, but from the pulpit of St. Mary's, when he was called upon in due course to preach before the University. He must have been fully prepared for the result of his action in thus openly stating his beliefs; but an interval of six years elapsed before the occurrence which brought him into collision with the authorities of his college and the heads of the University. This time was spent partly in foreign travel, and in study, in the retirement of his college, where he continued to reside, devoting himself especially to the study of Hebrew, in which he became a distinguished scholar.*

*The following account of his banishment from the University is taken verbatim from his obituary notice in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for May, 1841:*

*'In 1793 he wrote his pamphlet entitled, "Peace and Union recommended to the Associated Bodies of Republicans and Anti-Republicans." For having published this pamphlet in the University he was,*

*to use the terms of the sentence pronounced against him by the Master and a majority of the Fellows of Jesus College, "removed from that college, that is, from the precincts of the college and from residence in it, till he shall produce such proofs of good behaviour as shall be satisfactory to the Master and the major part of the Fellows."* From this sentence he appealed to the Bishop of Ely, the visitor of the college, who dismissed the appeal and confirmed the sentence of "amotion," which, it should be observed, was far from being a unanimous decision, as four out of the ten Fellows dissented, and three, though they did not approve of several passages in the obnoxious work, protested in a letter to the visitor against the conduct of their colleagues. Three members of the University, distinguished alike for learning and integrity of character, viz., Mr. Lambert, the Senior Fellow and Bursar, and Mr. Jones, the Head Tutor of Trinity College, and the Rev. Robert Tyrwhitt, the founder of the Hebrew scholarship, actively interested themselves on Mr. Friend's behalf, and greatly assisted him in his defence in each of his trials. The health of Mr. Herbert Marsh\* was

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\* Afterwards the Bishop of Peterborough, and a cousin of my grandfather's.

*the only reason of his not being of the number. While the proceedings in his own college were pending, Mr. Frend was cited to appear before the Court of the Vice-Chancellor of the University on a charge of having violated the statutes of the University, by the publication within its precincts of the pamphlet in question. A trial of eight days ensued, at the conclusion of which a sentence of banishment from the University was pronounced against him. Mr. Frend subsequently removed the proceedings into the Court of Delegates, where the sentence of the Vice-Chancellor was confirmed, and at a later date made an application to the King's Bench at Westminster, but that Court refused to interfere in the matter. Thus ended the proceedings in this case, which excited great interest at the time, and the details of which in each stage may be found in the "State Trials," and also in his own published account.'*

*As he never made any recantation, his banishment continued in operation; but he retained his Fellowship till his marriage, and remained a member of the University till his death.*

*In the following letter to Lady Noel Byron may be found his own account of these events, written at the latter end of his life :*



'36, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,

'January, 1838.

'MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

*'An octogenarian has the honour of addressing your ladyship. Mind, this is a secret, for I know not whether even my own family is aware of the fact. But be it so or not, be it known to you that a fortnight ago I entered the third decade of old age, and, as Cicero when he wrote his treatise on this subject had not entered the first decade, I cannot but think that I am a better judge of it than the eloquent orator who has made a pretty composition to tickle the ear, but it is "vox et præterea nihil." What a difference between myself now and myself when I entered the third decade of my existence! Then an object of ambition was before my eyes, and I laboured hard to attain it. Now the scene is closed, and yet I have enough left to compensate me, for I have the recollection of the past to ruminate upon, and the future, which now necessarily presses more upon my mind than in early life, is not without its pleasing anticipations. I am near the end of my journey: I have seen enough to convince me that the whole system of human affairs is under the control of a wise and good Being, and that the*

*whole will manifest His wisdom. I cannot see farther into futurity than as He has generously revealed it to us, but I am convinced that we are at the close of a great period. The time prophesied by Daniel is begun. Men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. How far the moral state of the world will be improved we cannot say, but we have every reason to believe that the one will accompany the other. Every prejudice removed makes way for the progress of truth.*

*'I look back fifty years, and if I had then said I should live to see a Papist one year, and two years following two Jews should be Sheriffs of London, I should have been laughed at; and if I had added, being then on the University, that a Quaker should become one year Fourth Wrangler, and in another year a Jew Second Wrangler, the laughter of the gods would have been less than that of my hearers. Yet all this has happened, and only last night the House of Commons manifested the change that has taken place in people's opinions. The question was on taking off the disabilities from Quakers and Moravians'; to this an amendment was moved that all disabilities on account of religion should be removed. There were three hundred and twenty-eight members present, and*

*the amendment was lost by a majority of only sixteen, a Cabinet Minister being for it, but on prudential motives siding with the original question, lest, by making the question general, the Lords might pass a negative upon it. The point, then, I look upon as clearly gained in the general opinion, and the absurdity of religious tests will in a short time be universally seen and acknowledged.*

*'About fifty years ago I published a pamphlet which excited no small sensation at the time, the first edition being of a thousand copies, and the second of fifteen hundred. Were it now published for the first time, it would fall still-born from the press; not a couple of hundred would be sold. But the agitation in the University was great; that at Oxford on the Hampden question is nothing in comparison of it. Proceedings were instituted against me both in college and in the University—in the one to deprive me of my Fellowship and to expel me from college, in the other to deprive me of my degree and to banish me from the University. On the first question it is enough to observe that I kept my Fellowship to my marriage, and a week or two ago I went into the city to pay my college bills, sent to me, by the Bursar, and I am now senior member of Jesus College. In the*

*University question my opponents were baffled by my proving that there was no such law in existence as the pretended one on which my opponents defended themselves. Strype, in his "Annals," and the author of the "History of the Puritans," had both asserted that such a law had passed on the day they mentioned. This is a curious circumstance, and shows how little historians are to be depended upon in matters of fact. I am now, and have never ceased to be since I took my degree of M.A., a member of the Senate of the University, as may be seen in every Cambridge Calendar since its first publication. One effect, however, of these proceedings was to introduce me to the Chancellor of the University, the then Duke of Grafton, at whose house I was a frequent guest, both in town and in the country. Another curious circumstance brought about by time was that I, an enemy as declared to the Church, was, excepting my late friend, Mr. Morgan, more consulted by the clergy on its various properties in livings, prebends, etc., than any other person in the United Kingdom; and if we two had been consulted by the Commissioners on ecclesiastical affairs, their reports would have been much shorter, and more to the purpose.*

*I am sensible by experience of one effect of old*

*age, which, however, may not be felt by persons equally advanced in years. It is now upwards of six weeks since I began this letter; I meditated on many things I had to say to you, but each day brought up something or other, just as a child runs after butterflies. A few months after I went to the University, the news of the battle of Lexington created a sensation in this country, stronger than what has been felt by the outbreak in Canada; yet the race is not assured to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. I have been on the spot where a proud army of the Austrians was destroyed by the women and children of Switzerland. What will be the issue of the present contest cannot be so easily foreseen as imagined by numbers on this side of the water, but one thing is certain: that if we conquer we have a discontented colony on our hands; if we are conquered, we are disgraced. I am sorry for our young Queen that such an untoward event should have marked the commencement of her reign.*

*'Mr. De Morgan will put this into your hands. If the fog has prevailed as much at Windsor as, since Sophia left us, it has in this town, all the beauty and majesty of the place must have been hidden from her. I hope she will bring back a good account of your health. Accept the blessing*

*of the octogenarian, and be assured that whatever portion of the decade may be assigned to him by a kind Providence, it will find him to the last,*

*‘Yours very sincerely,*

*‘WILLIAM FRENCH.’*

*After his banishment from Cambridge, my grandfather lived in chambers in the Middle Temple, being engaged in various forms of literary work, scientific and statistical, till, in 1807, shortly before his marriage, he was appointed actuary to the Rock Insurance Office, in whose formation he had taken an important part. He held this office till obliged by ill-health to resign it in 1827.*

*In 1808, when near fifty, my grandfather married Sarah Blackburne, daughter of the Rev. Francis Blackburne, Vicar of Brignall in Yorkshire, and became the father of three sons and four daughters, of whom my mother was the eldest. Although the daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church, my grandmother's traditions in many ways resembled those of her husband. Her grandfather,\* Archdeacon Blackburne, had*

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*\* It seems probable that there was a collateral relationship between Archdeacon Blackburne and the eccentric prelate of a*

*gained celebrity by the publication, in 1766, of a work entitled 'The Confessional,' which was mainly an effort to introduce a more simple mode of pledge at ordination. The Archdeacon, though he did not feel himself bound to leave the Church, declined further preferment on the ground that he*

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*very different type, Lancelot Blackburne, who was Archbishop of York, 1724. Tradition states that in his younger days this ecclesiastic had been a buccaneer, and Walpole referred to him as 'the jolly old Archbishop who had the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a buccaneer, and was a clergyman; but he retained nothing of his former profession, except his seraglio.' A story goes that, on one of his sea-comrades asking what had become of Blackburne, he was answered that he had become Archbishop of York. It is also said that on one occasion, after a confirmation, he shocked the vicar of the church by ordering pipes and tobacco and liquor to be brought into the vestry for his refreshment after his labours. According to the current scandal of the day, he was created Archbishop of York for marrying George I. to his mistress, the Duchess of Munster; but many of his biographers deride the story of his having been a buccaneer on the ground of his being an excellent Greek scholar, and having been brought up at Christchurch. When the Archdeacon, in his youth, presented himself for ordination, the Archbishop, noticing the name, asked him where he was born, and, on the young man's replying at Richmond in Yorkshire, but that his ancestors came from Marrick Abbey, the Archbishop rejoined that his descent was the same. A portrait of a cleric with a steel corselet under his canonicals was till lately possessed by the Archdeacon's descendants, and was believed to be taken from the buccaneering priest, and an Andrea Ferrara sword, said to have been his, is still in their possession.*

*could not subscribe again ; and a practical outcome of the book was a petition to Parliament, signed by over two hundred persons, clergymen and others, in favour of relaxation of the vows of ordination. This petition, which was presented by Sir W. Meredith, was rejected by 271 to 71, after a lively debate (Burke speaking against it), and, in consequence of its failure, Dr. Disney, the Rector of Panton and Vicar of Swinderby, son-in-law of the Archdeacon, and the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, Vicar of Catterick, who had married his step-daughter, left the Church, and their secession may be looked upon as the founding of the Unitarian body in London, the chapel in Essex Street, Strand, having been built for Mr. Lindsey.*

*Among the Archdeacon's papers was the following letter from the Rev. Peter Peckard, Master of Magdalen, Oxford, Vice-Chancellor, and afterwards Dean of Peterborough (who published a pamphlet, entitled 'Subscription,' containing much the same arguments as those in 'The Confessional'), showing that among the more orthodox clergy the movement also found supporters. The latter part of the letter, dealing with very different matter, may interest lovers of the drama.*



' FLETON,

' February 13, 1776.

' MY DEAR SIR,

' *Before this time I apprehend you may have received that which I had sent you, and you yourself had sent for. Without any affectation of modesty or humility, I cannot but say that I think it must appear to you a very mean performance, notwithstanding that your partiality to me may influence you to see it in the most favourable light. I have sent but very few copies—one to Lord Rockingham, one to Sir G. Saville (to both these I am an entire stranger), one to Mr. Cardale, one to Mr. Jebb,\* and one to yourself. Mr. Jebb sends me word that he hears it much spoken of, that the Bishop of C.† is highly delighted with it, but has no idea who can be the author. I wish it may contribute just to keep the subject in memory, and*

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\* Dr. John Jebb, Second Wrangler, Fellow of Jesus, and Rector of Ovington, in Norfolk. He left the Church in consequence of the rejection of the clerical petition, and, taking his M.D., practised medicine successfully in London. His wife, under the nom de plume of 'Priscilla,' entered with warmth into the religious and academical controversies of the day, replying with such success to some of her opponents that she drew from Paley the exclamation, 'The Lord has sold Sisera into the hand of a woman!'

† Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle.

*then my end will be answered. To expect any good from it would be an idle expectation—at least at present ; for if “ The Confessional ” can appear without proper effect, I am sure that “ Subscription ” must be entirely condemned. Between your\* Diocesan and myself there has been a very intimate friendship, from the time of our being boys together. He has as much real goodness in him—or, at least, he had—as ever I knew in anyone. He found me, though his senior in the University, an ignorant, unfledged urchin in a nest of Jacobites—*nido implumem detraxit*. I do not mean to insinuate that he is the *durus arator*. He showed me the folly of my situation, taught me the principles of Whiggism, and made me a real Whig upon principle, in which principles I have lived ever since, and am determined (if God be graciously pleased to continue to me a sound mind), resolutely determined to die. My old friend, they tell me, has deserted his principles ; I cannot believe it. Prudential views may have bound him fast to Cæsar, but prudence often makes a man a rascal ; yet I cannot persuade myself to think that anything can make him so. If he is angry with me, I*

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\* *The Rev. Wm. Markham, Archbishop of York.*

*am sorry for it—amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas. I assume a fictitious character; this I do that I may not be obliged to answer abuse. So much for "Subscription."*

*' And so you are become acquainted with my old friend Sheridan. There is not upon this earth a man of more honour and honesty. There is no man for whom I have a more sincere affection. I have been purposely to pass time with him in Ireland, I know not how oft. There he run mad after oratory—he was not contented with insanire sollemnia. He thought all the evils of the land, civil, moral, and religious, were owing to this cause, that the bakers, tailors, and shoemakers, were not brought up orators. I remonstrated as far as I could touch so delicate a subject, considered it as folly. He called me the croaking raven—I was always throwing cold water on his most favourite scheme. Some of this cold water at length fell upon our correspondence; notwithstanding that, I love him as well as ever. To my certain knowledge, he might at this time, if he had possessed a grain of that quality called prudence, have been worth a hundred thousand pounds, acquired very honourably. But he was overrun with generosity and oratory, and fairly ruined*

*himself. I hear he is now situated where Mr. Garrick long since wished him to be, in the management of Drury Lane. If he plays, and is manager too, with his pension, I think he will not have less than two thousand a year income ; and I wish he had ten. Mr. Garrick has more than once made him, by me, what I thought very advantageous offers, but he always refused. Adieu, my dear sir. May health and every worldly happiness ever attend you.*

*' Ever yours,*

*' P. PECKARD.'*

*Although neither the Archdeacon nor his son, the Rector of Brignall, left the Church, and appear to have disapproved of the secession of Messrs. Lindsey and Disney, apparently believing that the changes they desired could be more satisfactorily effected from within than without, still, the family sacrificed somewhat to their views, not only in declining further preferment, but the youngest son, Thomas, though he had passed a brilliant examination at Cambridge, was refused a degree on objecting to subscribe. This refusal caused some excitement in the University at the time, and was severely criticised, some declaring*

*that Mr. Blackburne had not been rejected statutably, as he declared himself to be in communion with the Church of England; but his action was probably of use in helping the growing feeling which eventually caused the Universities to abolish religious tests. The young man afterwards became an M.D. of Edinburgh, and an F.R.S., and was expected to have a brilliant career before him, but died young from an infectious illness contracted in his practice. The liberality of William Frend's views was therefore in no way alien to the feelings of his wife's family, although her own relations remained members of the Church he had left.*

*It would be difficult to overstate the extent of her father's influence on the education and character of my mother. She rarely left home, and during her youth he took a great interest in her training, himself superintending it for a great part, and at a very early age beginning to teach her Hebrew, to the study of which he at all times attached much importance. Although, as she often told me, at the time she felt troubled by the sense that her upbringing was so unlike that of the conventional young lady of the period, she lived to rejoice in it, and particularly to look back with*

*satisfaction to the time spent in learning a language, the study of which would have proved fruitless to many women, but which enabled her to follow with greater understanding many theological and antiquarian questions which to her were specially interesting. From her father she also learned some amount of Greek and Latin, and he encouraged her in metaphysical and philosophical reading, for which she had a natural bent.*

*Those who knew her will recognise in the following letter a leading bias of her mind in after-life. She had been reading Locke 'On the Understanding,' and had evidently been writing her impressions to her father. This letter was sent to my mother while on a visit to her uncle, Dr. William Blackburne, at Eastcott House, Wookey, in Somersetshire, where he had settled on giving up practising as a physician in Cavendish Square. This visit was often recalled by my mother in latter days as being among her most happy memories :*

*MY DEAR SOPHIA,*

*'I am glad to see that Mr. Locke points out to you the danger of entertaining prejudices on any subject whatsoever. • For what is prejudice but préjugé, a prejudgment, or a previous determina-*

*tion, without giving yourself the power of forming a judgment? A King of Siam told an English traveller that he was uttering a falsehood, because he said in his country the rivers became so hard that an elephant might walk over them. Numbers of people are in the same situation with the King of Siam. A thing is told them which is contrary to some preconceived opinion of theirs, and, without due consideration, they contradict it immediately. Oh, it can't be so! they say immediately, but many things are really very different from what they appear to be. The sun appears to rise in the morning, and to set at night, and to be constantly moving during the day from east to west; but it is not the sun that is moving in this manner, it is really ourselves that are in motion, and the earth turning round from west to east makes the sun appear to us to move from east to west. Galileo, a great philosopher, was obliged to ask pardon on his knees for saying that the earth moved, but the priests who made him do so were blinded by their prejudices. We may talk against the truth, but all our talking does not alter the nature of truth. We are doing an injury to our own minds when we cannot bear contradiction on a favourite opinion. If our opinion is right, it will*

*bear the test of examination ; if wrong, the sooner we get rid of it the better. The reason that so much of prejudice is in the world, and so little of truth, is that men love darkness better than light ; they cannot bear to be told that they and their fathers have been in an error. How should you know better than us and our fathers ? goes with them for an argument. Yet the history of the world might teach them that they and their fathers may be in an error. At one time our fathers fell down before the images of Woden, Thor, and Freya. They turned these idols out of their temples, and replaced them with images of wood and stone and painting, to represent the new gods and saints. These latter images retain their places in a great part of Europe, but in this country they have turned them out of their churches. Truth must be loved for its own sake, but error is adopted and maintained because it suits the purpose of certain sets of people to keep the rest as much as possible in ignorance. To guard yourself against prejudice, you must be careful not to be peremptory in your judgment of things. It requires a great deal of time and experience to come to a right apprehension on certain subjects, therefore you must be slow in coming to a*



*decision till you have opportunities of knowing better. Learn something every day, and think often on what you have learned; by this you will gradually form your mind to embrace truth, from whatever quarter it may come. Continue to give me an account of what you learn from Locke, and believe me,*

*'Yours very affectionately,*  
*' WILLIAM FREND.'*

FROM WILLIAM FREND TO SOPHIA FREND.

*'MY DEAR SOPHIA,*

*'I was very much pleased with your letter, but while I think of it, let me just observe that you applied the term "clever" according to a very common custom. I never apply it to intellect; I should never say a clever physician, a clever lawyer, a clever divine, though clever fellow may be used in a jocosé style. You also use the term "who" for "whom," but these are trifles.*

*I hope the Doctor\* is as much pleased as I am at the restoration of his honours to the Duke of Norfolk. I dined on Tuesday in a mixed party of Catholics and Protestants, but we were all equally rejoicing in this return of good sense and*

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*Dr. Wm. Blackburne.*

good feeling to the legislature. Lord and Lady Clifford were of the party, and one or two heirs to Catholic honours, and we are to have a dinner of the same party within three years, either at the house of the peer or at our host. Mons. Dumont, who was with us, says he will come from Geneva on the occasion. The point is the restoration of the Catholic peers to their seats in Parliament within three years. According to the determination of this event, we dine with either the peer or the commoner. At any rate, a good dinner and a good party will be the result.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Their correspondence, however, did not treat only of serious matters; what follows was written on the occasion of her first ball, and shows that it was possible for a learned man to give care and attention to the frivolous side of life, and rather amusingly demonstrates the versatility of my grandfather\* and the manners of the time:

'MY DEAR SOPHIA,

'Your letter is of too much importance for me to wait for a frank. \*Your mother does not

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\* The following occurrence, remembered in the family, is very characteristic of my grandfather's impulsive and rather hot-

*object to your going to the ball ; I may add I not only do not object, but approve of it, as you go in a party in whom I can place the utmost confidence. It is rather too soon for you to go to such places, which are neither to be too eagerly sought after, nor to be fastidiously rejected. Though I was early initiated into the mysteries of dancing, and by a residence in France, before I went to College, acquired a somewhat greater skill in capering than the generality of young men of my age, yet I did*

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*headed chivalry, even when near old age : Stoke Newington, at the time of his residence there, was surrounded by fields, and one evening, on returning home across a lonely path in company with Mr. Woolgar, a scientific friend, the two gentlemen came upon a girl followed by a man, who had been giving her serious annoyance. On her appealing to the new-comers against her persecutor, my grandfather took the law into his own hands, and bidding his companion take the offender by the feet, himself took him by the shoulders, and carried him to an adjacent pond, to be chastised. The culprit entreated that his coat might be spared, but my grandfather, perceiving that its damage would be the most complete punishment, chose a green corner of the pond, covered with weed, and, at his instigation, the unhappy man was ducked therein. As Mr. Friend was close to seventy at the time, and his companion well advanced in life, the encounter was creditable to their muscular powers, if, not to their prudence. Another characteristic trait of the former was his wearing a blue coat with brass buttons long after it had ceased to be the prevailing fashion, simply in order to emphasize the fact that he had completely severed his connection with the Church, and wished to be regarded as a layman.*

*not go to a ball, except in vacation times in the country, till I had taken my first degree. Young as you are, yet I can trust you in a ball-room without any fears of your being guilty of impropriety; yet there are a few things worth your knowing, and some against which you should be on your guard. The main point is to avoid affectation of every kind, whether in walk, gesture, or talk. In the common modes of dancing you have had instruction enough, and of them I say nothing. Anything like romping in dancing is to be carefully avoided. There is a certain distance to be moved over in a given time. I have seen girls hurrying through twice that distance, and thinking they had done a great feat; but, in fact, they only made themselves ridiculous, and looked like hoydens. Mind your time and the figure of the dance, and should you ever in the latter be set right by your neighbour, take it in good part, and be sure you make him or her sensible you feel obliged to them. I perceive by your letter that you already have two partners, but should you have any other, which I don't object to, don't stand like a statue, but converse with him freely, if he is so inclined; but beware of making any remark that is to the disadvantage of any one person in the*

*room. Use your eyes well; look about you and notice those who appear to be the most graceful in their gestures and manner of conversation. You may probably have some people of rank there, ladies who will discredit by their rude, dashing behaviour, and others who do credit to their station by propriety of conduct. There is an awkward bashfulness and a bold look of self-importance, between which is the happy medium which distinguishes a well-bred woman. Few are there that can make either a good bow or a good curtsy. I care not whether it is a low one, as in my time, or a nod, or a slip, as is now the fashion; there is a grace in doing either, which, if you cannot attain, still the extreme may be avoided. Observe what is done by others, but avoid imitation; what may be graceful in one may not suit another. Each has a suitable modification peculiar to himself which, if it is changed by affectation, makes him ridiculous. The great secret, however, is to carry with you a cheerful and innocent heart, desirous of giving and receiving all the satisfaction which the amusement is capable of affording, wishing no ill to your neighbours, passing over their faults, and highly regarding their excellencies. Though the eyes of many*

*may be upon you, yet you are to act as if no one regarded you, careful only that what you are about you do as well as you can. I shall be glad to hear your remarks on the first exhibition of the kind that you have been at.'*

*My grandfather died in 1841, four years after my mother's marriage, from the effect of a paralytic stroke, which had incapacitated him from active life for four years before his death. That a man so original and versatile should have an absorbing influence over a daughter, who might truly be said to idolize him, was not to be wondered at. My father always spoke of him as of one apart, totally unlike any other he had ever met, and he seems to have excited a like veneration and love in others who knew him.*

*My mother's marriage took place in 1837, and during the first years of married life the cares of a family (she had seven children) prevented her giving serious attention to the studies which had occupied her before. She always maintained that a mother who did her duty by her children while they were of tender years could have time for little else.*

*After her marriage my father and mother lived*

*first in Gower Street, and then in Great Camden Street, Camden Town, both of which were conveniently near to my father's work at University College. My mother had always been strongly in sympathy with the movement for procuring for women more thorough and higher education, and in 1849 gave much time and attention to the formation of Bedford College, working in conjunction with a few energetic ladies, more especially with her friend Mrs. Reid, who may be regarded as the actual foundress of this pioneer of women's education. Although my father did not entirely share my mother's views on the point of the need for higher training and political emancipation for women, she succeeded in inducing him to give a course of lectures to the first pupils at Bedford College, and also to join the movement for procuring female suffrage.*

*After going to live in St. Pancras, my mother became keenly interested in the great need of workhouse reform. From the poor people of the neighbourhood she heard piteous accounts of the treatment they had received at the poorhouse, if obliged to shelter beneath its inhospitable wing, and she determined to endeavour to see for herself the truth of the reports. Though armed with a letter*

*from Lord Torrington (then in office), desiring that she might be allowed to visit the wards, she failed to obtain admission for some time, and it was not till the change of the administration of the poor-laws, and the election of a better set of men as guardians, that she succeeded, not only obtaining for herself leave to enter and visit the inmates, but to form a small committee of ladies who were to be allowed to visit the wards regularly, and to send to the Board suggestions for the comfort and welfare of the inmates. This little committee, sanctioned by the guardians, was the first instance of work of the sort, and was followed in 1857 by the organization known as the 'Workhouse Visiting Association,' which for many years did excellent work in the most difficult question of workhouse management.*

*Some years later my mother, with two or three friends, initiated a society for providing playgrounds for the poor children of the slums. This association was shortlived, and its efforts for active results were abortive; but she lived to rejoice in the fact that the Kyrle Society and other associations have been able to carry out more effectually what the Playground Society failed to achieve.*



*Although brought up a Unitarian, my mother's views underwent a considerable change in mature life, and in her later days approached more nearly to orthodoxy. As she has herself stated in print elsewhere the process by which she arrived at her conclusions, it is unnecessary to do more here than to refer to the fact that she became a believer in the truth of some of the phenomena known as modern spiritualism, to which she attributed the modifications of her religious beliefs.*

*After my father's death, and when we had moved to Cheyne Row, where she died, my mother became a warm supporter of the movement for abolishing vivisection, believing (in which view my father had concurred) that whatever gain to knowledge could be purchased by these means would be more than counterbalanced by the gradual moral degradation to the race which must arise from their acceptance and practice.*

*The reminiscences were finished in 1887, and five years later, in 1892, the writer died; of her last years there is little to record. To the end her intellect was unclouded, and she retained the interest in the intellectual life and movements of the times which had always been one of her most marked characteristics. Far from being fright-*

ened by new ideas, she welcomed with interest any new theory, even though it obliged her to do battle in the cause of some of her cherished beliefs. Her powers of enjoyment remained undiminished, and her love of nature, and the great pleasure she took therein, never failed her. In Chelsea her favourite walks were on the embankment by the river, and in Battersea Park, whose beauties she always declared were not half enough known or appreciated. Within a fortnight of her death she was able to enjoy a drive there, and to notice how well flowers and plants grew even so near the centre of London smoke. A visit to the country was a pleasure to the end, and was always most enjoyed when shared with friends, particularly if young people formed a large portion of the society. The kindness of many friends and relations brightened these annual trips, and though near upon eighty, she enjoyed the merry meetings in the evenings with which the days ended, and would enter with as much enthusiasm as any of the young people into round games, etc. During one of these little visits to Rustington the photograph given as a frontispiece was taken by Mrs. W. B. Richmond, who with her young party had been the kind comrades of many a seaside holiday.

*It is often said that the power of making friends departs in later life, but with my mother this was not the case ; she was able to form friendships and take up new interests at eighty with almost the vigour and warmth of eighteen. Naturally of an optimistic temperament, she dwelt often upon the great improvements of the times, unlike most old people, declaring that the world had grown better since her youth. She had said that the only fear she had of death came from the apprehension of long and painful illness, and of the trouble she must thereby cause to others ; but these fears were not realized. The end came peacefully in her sleep, after being confined to her room for little more than a week, such an end as she would doubtless have desired, or, as she according to her strong beliefs would have said, ' such a passing to another life to begin afresh.'*

M. A. DE MORGAN.

# MEMORIES OF THREESCORE AND TEN YEARS.



## CHAPTER I.

Early days—Sir Francis Burdett—His imprisonment in the Tower—Flogging in the Army—Sir Francis Burdett's departure from the Tower—Sir John Bowring—The Allied Sovereigns—The Duke of Wellington—Mr. Robert Hibbert—The Hibbert Lectures—Baron Maseres—Miss Lousada.

IN the course of a long life I have met with many persons whose mental and physical lineaments have remained in my mind as clearly as if they were not of the past. Some of these have been well known to the world, and duly commemorated. Others have been comparatively obscure, but deserving of remembrance, as having contributed to make the world what it is : better than our grandfathers found it, but far from what it ought to be, and will be some time hence.

My father, William Friend, had been not unknown during the earlier part of his life. He

had taken high honours at Cambridge, and left his University and the Church on account of having adopted opinions contrary to its doctrines. He was an astronomer, a mathematician, and a scholar, learned in Greek and Hebrew, and in all that was then known of ancient scriptures and worship. These pursuits explain the attraction of his society for a variety of characters, some of whom might appear like the guests in a miniature Crotchet Castle.

One of the very earliest of my recollections is of Sir Francis Burdett. My father was his warm friend and ally during his reforming days ; and as he was fond of children and kind to them, my sister and I were sometimes taken by him to the politician's house in St. James's Place, where there was a garden.

Once, long before then, it was matter of tradition that I had been carried by my nurse to visit the State prisoner in the Tower. This nurse, who combined with her other duties strong political opinions, got leave to take me in her arms to the Tower to convey a note of no importance, which she insisted on delivering into the prisoner's own hands. After this memorable visit, her enthusiasm found a vent in a short

political catechism : 'Who put Burdett in the Tower?' to which the infant accents were taught to answer emphatically : '*Naughty* men-folk.'

The tradition was also handed down to me by my father and mother of a really interesting visit paid to their friend during this incarceration. A few lines came from him one day :

'DEAR FRENCH,

'Come to me at once. I hardly know what I write.'

My father went to the Tower, and found Sir Francis in a state of great excitement and horror.

The prisoner, who had leave to walk over the ramparts on parole, had been taking his accustomed exercise that morning, and on coming to the spot where the soldiers were usually drilled and exercised, was witness of a hideous scene.

Groans of agony, in place of the word of the drill-sergeant, met his ear, and instead of the rather monotonous exercise of the men, he saw a private under the lash ; I do not remember his offence. One hundred lashes had been given, and the torn and bleeding skin and flesh hung in ribbons. Then the involuntary inflicter of torture was tired, and another man took his place with

the cat-o'-nine-tails, while another drummer was called to support the culprit, who had still to receive many—I am afraid to say how many\*—lashes, each one penetrating more deeply into the lacerated flesh. The man, more dead than alive, was at length taken away to the hospital, and the prisoner, whose mental suffering almost equalled the bodily torment he had witnessed, determined that no effort of his should be untried which might prevent a repetition of such horrors.

That night he could not sleep, and for many days and nights he was haunted by the remembrance of what he had seen. He begged my father again to go to him, to consult with other friends upon the best means of getting the practice of flogging in the army abolished, or made less terrible. And as soon as he was free he did exert himself effectually in this direction. To his earnest efforts in the House of Commons was due a searching inquiry into the nature and extent of the punishment as then carried out, with the result of getting it much, though at that time not sufficiently, reduced. Since then flogging both in the army and navy has been abolished, except in extreme cases; and this relaxation of

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\* More than five hundred were often inflicted.

severity has not been attended with an increase of misrule or lawlessness among the men.\*

I have often heard my father, to whom I was a constant companion, describe the way in which, when the time of his sentence was expired, Burdett left his prison.

The Liberal party, Whigs or Reformers they were then, and milder in their aims than the Radicals—far more moderate than the Socialists or Democrats of to-day—held Sir Francis Burdett in high honour. He was considered the champion of the people's rights, and at that time he certainly enjoyed and deserved his popularity. So when he was to be liberated, it was arranged to bring him through the town in triumph. A

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\* The following letter from Sir Francis Burdett to my grandfather shows how strongly he felt about what he had witnessed.—ED.

‘DEAR FRIEND,

‘I am truly astonished at your information, but there is no end to the meanness and cruelty of this atrocious system. The scenes of this morning have filled my mind with sensations difficult to describe, and will make the remainder of my residence here much more painful than before. Good journey.

‘Yours,

‘F. BURDETT.’



lofty car was constructed, banners were to be carried, and bands were to play, and clubs and companies were to walk in procession. The 'man of the people' was to have his discharge early in the day. Shortly after the hour appointed, my mother, who was far from strong, was called down the long flights of stone stairs of a house in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, to speak with two gentlemen who had ridden up, and whose horses waited. These two, without any circumlocution, asked her peremptorily, strengthening their words with the expletives in common use, where her husband was.

She did not know. She had not seen him since he left the house just after breakfast.

It was no use, they said, for her to try to deceive them. She had better say all she knew. Burdett was not to be found in the Tower, the people were getting excited and angry, and, by something or other, there would be bloodshed.

'What can I say?' said my poor mother, trembling; 'I know no more about it than you do.'

They explained. The procession was formed and waiting to start, the streets were thronged with people, but Sir Francis could not be found,

and it had been supposed that Mr. Frend was with him.

But she could say no more, and, using strong language, they left her trembling and terribly uneasy.

It was late in the day when my father returned. He told her that he had gone direct to the Tower, where, according to agreement, he met Mr. Jones Burdett, Sir Francis's brother. They had been very apprehensive of the consequences of the immense gathering of people, for outbreaks and riots were of everyday occurrence, and the conspicuous place designed for the hero of the day would expose him to danger from well-aimed shots from adverse hands, and would be likely thus to endanger the peace ; and under such circumstances, an excited street mob, partly composed of helpless women and children, was a matter to be contemplated with terror.

As soon as Sir Francis had his discharge, the three walked down to the Tower stairs, where they found a wherry, engaged by them, waiting for the released prisoner. I only remember hearing of one pair of oars, but there might be two, for they had to go through a rather crowded part of the river, and it was five miles to Putney.

They all sat quiet until they had cleared the craft and shipping ; then my father, who enjoyed the situation, began, addressing the boatman :

‘ Well, I think you must wish to see the show to-day in the streets.’

‘ No, sir, I don’t.’

‘ How’s that ?’

‘ Well, I’m not so sure Burdett would get through all right. I’d rather we had him here.’

‘ What would you do with him if you had him here ?’ said my father.

‘ I’d pull a strong oar, as I am doing now.’

I suppose the boatman understood the whole transaction. Even if Sir Francis did not shake hands with him at parting, of which all who knew him could have little doubt, the recompense for his work and the sight of the carriage which met them at Putney to take them on to Wimbledon would have enlightened him.

The following letter, of which I lately found a copy among the MS. notes of a friend,\* will explain some of the reasons for the step taken. The writer mentions his brother, but does not go

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\* It is probable that William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, was the gentleman addressed. He was a friend of Burdett’s, and the letter was found among the papers of one of his family.

into any particulars as to who were his two companions on the occasion. It happened seventy-seven years ago, and I have only my own word for the little narrative I have given ; but I have not been romancing :

‘ WIMBLEDON,  
‘ *June 29, 1810.*

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ I am very happy to hear that you approve of my conduct in avoiding the honours prepared for me at my liberation from the Tower. I have no doubt that far the greater part of the public, as well as the wiser few, will agree in thinking that I acted with propriety ; at all events, I feel sure of what is far more important to me, the approbation of my own mind. I understand many of your friends blame me for not having acquainted what they call my committee with my intention. In the first place, I have no committee. In the next, it was impossible to be certain of effecting the purpose if anybody had been made acquainted with it, as it would then have depended upon them to defeat it if they pleased ; and so I told Mr. Powell was my reason for not acquainting anybody with it, who has very improperly and incorrectly repeated a conversation he had with my brother and me upon the subject. There was no other way of ensuring success, and if my friends had defeated me, and forced me into the procession (as Mr. Powell said he was sorry he had not), I leave you to judge how my pretended modesty, as it would have been called, would have been ridiculed. I beg to be

remembered to the two young men who paid me a visit in the Tower, and am, sir,

‘Yours very truly,

‘F. BURDETT.’

The manner in which the flogging affected the politician showed his kindness of heart. His imprisonment in the King’s Bench years after was the penalty imposed for the strong language of a letter in which he expressed his feelings on the charge by the Manchester Yeomanry Cavalry on an unarmed populace, in which women and children were exposed to the swords of the men, and many unoffending persons were killed.\*

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\* Some of the riots attending the passing of the Corn Law were described by my grandfather in the following letter to Lady Noel Byron in 1816.—ED.

‘*William Frend to Lady Noel Byron.*

‘*The Rock Office,*

‘*December, 1816.*

‘I have been interrupted here in the midst of my speculations, and I fear the papers to-morrow will give an account of riot, confusion, and bloodshed. A meeting had been advertised in Spa Fields, but the notoriety of it seemed to me to dissipate any cause for alarm, and the march of troops by my house last night con-

I went with my father to see him in this imprisonment. He was in a comfortable room, in which there was a sofa and a few bookshelves with his books, and he offered us tea. My father asked if he could send him anything, but the prisoner said he had all he wanted; of course,

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vinced me that Government was fully aware of the danger, and prepared to suppress it. I was surprised, however, on stepping out to find most of the shops in Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside shut up. This has been in consequence of a party of rioters appearing at the top of Fleet Market, who broke into a gun-shop, wounded the shopman, and seized a quantity of arms. Thence they went down to the Tower, and a gentleman come from that quarter told me that he had heard the reports of guns, but whether they had encountered the military or not is not known. A party is also said to be in Moorfields, where the military are said to have fired upon them. Another party is reported to have gone to the King's Bench Prison to release Lord Cochrane, but the great body is in Spitalfields, and of its proceedings I have not had any account. I passed a party of light dragoons, five-and-twenty in number, stationed at the top of Cheapside, which will be a sufficient guard to the avenue from Newgate Street. The night will scarcely pass over without some temporary tumult at some part of the town, but the vigilance of the Lord Mayor will, I think, preserve the City quiet, and the military will

extra indulgences were to be had by paying for. The bedroom, I suppose, led out of the sitting-room, for I saw no bed.

My father took a Bible to the prisoner, I suppose for the sake of settling some question on religion which had been raised by them; but he did not show any interest in this matter, and from the few expressions on religious subjects which I remember, I think he was what in these days would be called an Agnostic,\* which, as Dr. Jessop says, is Greek for *ignoramus*. On the

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soon dissipate the rioters in other quarters. It is melancholy to think, however, that there is such a spirit in the lower orders. The passing of the Corn Bill has been in my opinion the occasion of a great injury to the country. The landowners in pursuing their private interests were not sufficiently attentive to the general welfare of the kingdom.'

‘*December 13, 1816.*

‘We are all perfectly quiet in London—thanks to our Lord Mayor, who is beyond all praise. The Parliament may, however, produce confusion. It has an awful task to perform. May God grant our senators wisdom!’

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\* In the literal sense of the word, not necessarily an Atheist.

occasion of Horne Tooke's funeral, Sir Francis begged my father to join the party who were 'to follow our old friend to his last home,' and the expression naturally called for a strong protest from one who lived and died in the belief that this world is only our *first* home, and that death opens the gateway to another.

One memorable visit of Sir F. Burdett to my father was on the occasion of a few friends being invited to meet Mr. John Quincy Adams, the American Minister at the English Court. I was too young to dine with the party, but was allowed to go in to dessert. I can only remember several gentlemen talking in a very animated way, and being rather a precocious little person, and accustomed to listen to grown-up people's talk, which at our house was often political, I thought they were discussing methods of election in the United States and in England. Sir Francis spoke energetically, Mr. Adams quietly. Children are sensitive to first impressions, and like or dislike at once. I 'liked' Mr. Adams, I thought he was 'good,' and was glad to hear my father and mother afterwards express the opinion, though I forget the words, that he was a gentleman among gentlemen.



I remember an earnest argument held at my father's table, some years after, between Sir F. Burdett and Mr., afterwards Sir John, Bowring. The former had spoken of patriotism as the 'highest virtue,' and appealed confidently to his host to support his view, for my father had some years before written a small volume entitled 'Patriotism; or, The Love of our Country.' This was addressed to the volunteers of England, of whom he was one, at the time when an invasion of the French, under Napoleon Bonaparte, was imminent.\* The writer had not upheld

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\* The following account of some manœuvres of the volunteers was sent, in 1803, by Mrs. Theophilus Lindsey to her niece, Mrs. William Frend, then Miss Sarah Blackburne.—ED.

'The late Acts of Parliament are as complicated and puzzling as need be, and differently interpreted even by the law-makers. It is, however, very happy that the country is so generally roused to a sense of danger from without, and getting ready to meet it, which probably may discourage the attempt. We are glad that you are alert in your quarter. Francis is quite right in joining the volunteers under Mr. Tekel; the example is an encouragement to the lower orders.

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'I bid Westly, our newsman, send you, in our absence, any *Chronicle* that contained important intelligence

patriotism as opposed to philanthropy, but had shown that the patriot, who must be ready, if needful, to give his life for his country, must also be willing when called upon to sacrifice himself for the good of mankind.

during our absence here. Now that Parliament is prorogued, there can only be foreign intelligence or what may further happen in the sister kingdom, which seems to have been excited rather prematurely, and its worst effects happily frustrated. By a private letter to a friend from the Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, he seems in good spirits, and thinks the plot is broken. They have a good military commander, General Fox, and about 35,000 men in arms of one description or other.

‘We were pleased with an account by letter from a friend at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, of the efforts of Sir Sydney Smith, who says that he will attack Bonaparte with his own ship’s crew, let him land where he will. I send you an extract from our friend’s letter: “The camp at Bromswell, commanded by Sir Eyre Coote, is so near to us that we can distinctly hear the music when sitting in the house. Sir Sydney Smith often comes on shore from his ship in Hollesly Bay, about seven miles from the camp, which he visits. In a few days Sir S. S. and his men are to personate Bonaparte and legions, and attempt a landing, and the whole force of the camp, and Woodbridge also, are to go to oppose the landing. This may be of some use to teach our people how such things are managed, as Sir S. S. is well experienced.”’

Mr. Bowring enlarged upon this view, showing that the highest virtue of all was that unselfishness which proceeds from the love for all our fellow-creatures. He advocated the motive which in recent times has been called altruism, or the enthusiasm of humanity. Sir Francis intimated that the love of one's own country implied hatred or animosity to other countries, and that war, like duelling, was inevitable in any case of insult or provocation.\* Bowring, with less of the politician and more of the poet or prophet, looked forward to the time when national and personal quarrels should be settled in the first case by arbitration ; in the second, by good feeling, without the help of powder and shot.

Bowring's expectations in the matter of duelling were fulfilled a few years after, when, in consequence of a man being shot in a duel by his brother-in-law, a prosecution was instituted. And we now talk of arbitration between nations as a desirable and natural means of settling a quarrel. Burdett did not depreciate philanthropy, though he thought it might be incompatible with what he

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\* Sir F. Burdett had fought a duel in the year 1807 with a tailor, for which he was lectured by William Frend and caricatured by Gillray.

held to be the highest virtue. Great as was their respect for him, I think all those present agreed with his opponent.

During the last years of his life Burdett and my father did not meet. The views of the politician had changed, and he was no more the 'man of the people,' held up by them as 'England's pride and Westminster's glory.' But his exceeding kindness of heart never altered, and he was always ready to give to the needy and deserving. About the year 1835 I joined the committee of the Children's Friend Society at the request of Lady Noel Byron. This was in course of formation by the Hon. Amelia Murray, the first maid of honour chosen by the young Queen. I will tell more hereafter of its objects and fate. At an early committee Lady George Murray, at whose house in Green Street we met, said she had heard or knew that Sir Francis Burdett was very generous, especially in charitable matters, but she did not know him personally. Did anyone there know him? I said I had known him in former times, and would ask him for a subscription. So I left our prospectus with a line, saying that Sophia Frend, whom he might remember as a

child, was working in the cause of the vagrant children—would Sir F. Burdett help us? The next post brought a cheque for £20. And I could tell of cases in which his purse was ready for the assistance, to a large amount, of friendless young men, to whom an education would be provision for life. This munificence has been inherited, as we all know, by his daughter.

When I was about six years old I was taken to see a balcony full of grand ‘personages.’ The Allied Sovereigns met in London after the Proclamation of Peace which followed the first victory over Napoleon, and on the occasion of a grand review in the Park, these royal and noble people came out of a house and showed themselves to the assembled multitude, who were ranged before them in groups upon the grass. My father and mother took me to see this sight, one feature of which touched me specially, as any action of young girls always interests those younger than themselves. I do not know in whose house or at what hotel the royal and noble lions were assembled, but they came out of the window on to a balcony, and bowed to the spectators. There was the Emperor Alexandêr, a rather tall, pleasant-looking man, in full uniform, covered with stars

and garters, or stars and orders. His features were not, I think, fine or classical, but his countenance was not bad, and at that time he was a popular Sovereign. Then came the King of Prussia and Marshal Blucher, the hard and grizzly soldier, whose approach with his Prussians decided the victory over Napoleon at Waterloo. He looked his character—a soldier, and only a soldier. He was greatly admired and applauded; but I cannot help thinking that as time goes on, and when our standard of worth has risen higher than it is now—*far* higher than it was then—we shall admire the old ‘hero’ and his likes as we should a royal tiger or hyæna fighting for life.

The Duchess of Oldenburg had an infant son, and the future soldier was brought out to see the world in the arms of the young Princess Charlotte, whose intended husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians, was also with her. Having a baby sister at home, whom I sometimes was allowed to hold, I considered myself an expert, and as such regarded the young nurse and her charge with a critical eye. She showed it to the assembled multitude, whose noisy welcome frightened it, and then she kissed it, and folded it to her bosom, winning my

childish heart and the hearts of many older and wiser than myself. Well I remember the dark winter day on which the news came that this dear young Princess was taken, with her own little baby, from the nation, and the wail of great sorrow which arose from persons of all ages, and from all sorts and conditions of men.

On the day when the show of heroes was seen, Lord Wellington was not with the rest in the balcony, for, if I am not mistaken, he was reviewing the troops, who were to receive the thanks of the Regent, in another part of the Park. Years after that time I was heedlessly crossing a narrow street that led into the Quadrant, when I found myself close under a horse. The rider drew up quickly, and quietly lifted his hat, and kindly apologized for what was my fault. If the horse had been less perfectly trained, or had had a less perfect rider, I might have had a kick, or worse. As it was, it was worth being startled to see the Duke, and to hear him speak.

Many years after, I was acquainted with a lady who had lived when a child with the Duke and the Duchess. She told me he dearly loved children, and would take her on his knee, and tell her stories, and teach her little things. She

described his simple but hearty religion, not tinctured by the Calvinism which surrounded him, but a faith strengthened by the sense of duty which pervaded his character, and made him in his straightforward, soldierly way a hero. From this lady I heard a comment of his on the text, 'He went to visit the spirits in prison.' This he thought should be read, 'the spirits under guard.' It was a military version ; I do not know whether a Greek scholar would sanction it.\*

The Duke had the character of being fond of children and helpless animals ; but he was stern among men and equals. The two elements of character are distinct and different.

It was more than eight years after the display of royal and noble lions in the balcony that the streets of London were the scene of another

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\* The Duke was admired by Radicals as well as Tories. In 1829, in a letter to Lady Noel Byron, Wm. Frend wrote as follows :

'I am delighted with all that I hear of the Duke of Wellington. I was told the other day, that on a friend mentioning to him the report then circulating of dissatisfaction in a certain quarter at his conduct, he replied that he was perfectly at his ease, as his accounts were made up every night before he went to bed, and he was ready to quit at a moment's notice.'—ED.



unusual show. Queen Caroline went to St. Paul's to return thanks for her acquittal. We had a window at a publisher's in Ludgate Hill, and a good view of the heroine of the day. She was in an open carriage—a landau, I think—with four horses, and her friends and supporters followed in their carriages. I have never on the occasion of any procession heard anything like the noisy plaudits of the people as they tried to approach her. The mob was overwhelming in number, but very peaceable. The Queen Consort sat, of course, on the front seat, and her devoted friend, Lady Ann Hamilton, opposite; but the former was either very short or very rotund, for she seemed to roll about, and, as she bowed constantly and incessantly to her loyal subjects, we fancied her feet did not touch the bottom of the carriage. Her Majesty wore a sort of Mary Queen of Scots bonnet, dipping down over the forehead, and decorated with three ostrich feathers placed like those in the Prince of Wales's plume. She was very much painted, and dressed rather showily. She must, however, have had the faculty of winning love and loyalty. Her Solicitor-General, Mr. Denman, to whose eloquence and acumen—next only to that of Mr. Brougham—she owed her

acquittal, when the cause was won and his work over, asked permission to kiss her Majesty's hand. Had he been *only* a professional advocate, he would not have shown his belief in this way in the justice of her claim.

I remember a more absurd instance of loyalty in a laundress. This devoted subject took her baby to be christened. The clergyman asked for the name, and was told 'Carolenia Regenia.'

'That's not a real name,' said he; 'think of something more suitable.'

'It *is* suitable,' said the mother. 'It's an honour to my Queen, and an honour to my child to be named after her.' So the clergyman had to yield.

While writing this I hear descriptions of the Jubilee thanksgiving of our present Queen, Victoria. Her procession to Westminster Abbey, surrounded by many sovereigns and by all the nobles of the land, showed a peaceful contrast to those who remembered the misguided but ill-fated wife of George IV.

In my very early days, barley-sugar was in the ascendant, and associated with the recollection of it is the beaming, kind face of the founder of the Hibbert Lectures, Mr. Robert Hibbert, who was

a very old friend of my father's. He was fond of children, and, having none of his own, did everything in his power to spoil those of his friends, giving them large supplies of figs, barley-sugar, and sugar-candy. Mr. Hibbert was the owner—partly by inheritance, partly by purchase—of large estates in Jamaica. He had always been anxious that the slaves should be treated with the greatest kindness and humanity, and they felt that his treatment was so much better than that of most other planters, that they were proud of belonging to the Georgia estate. Still, their condition weighed upon the owner's mind, and, though he was afraid of the effects of a sudden emancipation, he thought their state might be much improved. And he sent out as a resident missionary a young Unitarian minister and his wife, who were to teach, help, and befriend the negroes, according to the best of their judgment, on the Georgia estate. This gentleman, who had expected to find no cruelties or abuses, was horrified by witnessing—notwithstanding the strongly-expressed desire of the owner—instances of barbarity on the plantation such as *Uncle Tom* has made known to us.

Neither the owner nor the missionary had

reckoned on the dangers of educating the negro, who, as soon as he could read and write, began, as a matter of course, to try to obtain his freedom. There was, I think, another difficulty. The superstitions of the poor blacks were expected to vanish before the light of an entirely 'rational' doctrine, but it was found impossible to eradicate *all* these superstitions, for some of them contain elements of vital reality, which a few years after were modified and incorporated into their religious teaching by the native leaders of the abolition movement. The missionary scheme, which cost much money and anxious thought, was a failure.

Mr. Hibbert's name will be remembered as that of the founder of the Hibbert Lectures, a course given annually on learned antiquarian and philological subjects. The expenses of these are paid out of a sum of money left by him in trust for a purpose expressed in his own words: 'The fund to be called the Anti-Trinitarian Fund . . . and to be applied for teaching the simplest form of Christianity.' The Anti-Trinitarianism the teaching of which the testator contemplated was *very* simple. There are shades and varieties of this form of belief, but if he had been asked to

repeat his creed he would probably have said, as I heard old Baron Maseres do on his ninety-second birthday, 'I believe in Thee, the only true God, and in Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.'

There were scholarships endowed, and other applications of the money, all of which would have been strictly in harmony with the testator's design. And the lectures given have been such as to impart the most valuable knowledge in the most interesting form; but it is not easy for one who knew Robert Hibbert well and intimately, with the singleness of his aims and the earnestness of his character, to reconcile the substance of the lectures with the promulgation of opinion which he contemplated.

Among those given have been: In 1880, by M. Ernest Renan, 'On the Influence of the Institution, Thought, and Culture of Rome on the Development of Christianity.' In 1879, by P. Lepage Renouf, 'On the Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.' In 1878, by Professor Max Müller, 'On the Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religions of India.'

The circumstances of this bequest furnish material for thought on the possibility of the

fulfilment by trustees of the intention of a legacy, especially when the design has reference to opinion. No two persons ever interpret the words in which opinions are expressed in exactly the same way, and as time goes on, the difficulty increases, for ideas on the subject of opinion vary from day to day, and the names of sects and parties convey a different notion to a young generation from that formed by their grandparents.

I was not long ago speaking of the inevitable misapplication of Mr. Robert Hibbert's bequest with a clergyman who was well able to appreciate the use made of it, but whose own opinions I believe to have been far more Agnostic than those held by my old friend. After telling him of Mr. Hibbert's simple, unmystical creed, I said :

‘How do you think he would like this contravention of his wish?’

‘I think,’ my friend said, ‘that he would turn in his grave.’

‘Perhaps,’ I said, ‘if he ever were in it.’

But I went on, and hope I was not alone in the belief I expressed, that as the testator's range of vision was probably now much wider than it had been when he made his will, he would be satisfied

by perceiving that his legacy, given to extend the knowledge of the Gospel, would do so more certainly, if less directly, by making known the origins of all those forms of religion which prepared the world to receive it, than if the money had been devoted to the repetition of arguments in support of his own views. Whichever way we look at the question, there is no doubt that a trust for the promulgation of opinions is a difficult thing to deal with.

The reference to old Baron Maseres reminds me of a large circle of his friends and admirers, for he was much respected and esteemed; and as he had many tales to tell of what happened before the French Revolution of '87, and was, moreover, a learned scholar and a very able and sound-thinking man, he became a sort of oracle, and his sayings were quoted by his friends. Mr. Maseres's grandfather had come over at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. I suppose his family had been noble, or allied to *noblesse*, for after his death one of his relations, named Whitaker, who inherited a small part of his wealth, tried to establish a claim to the marquise of Rambouillet, but was, of course, unsuccessful.

Maseres was the last Cursitor Baron of the

Exchequer, an office now abolished. I believe it was almost a sinecure, but what the holder of it had to do I never understood. The name suggested *cursing*; but that, we were told, was not like Christians, and we heard the Baron spoken of as a good Christian. He must have been more than eighty when I first remember him. He was courteous and polite, and probably did not undervalue ranks and dignities, for, as Mr. Cobbett tells, he had a visit from him in prison, the visitor being clad in his robes and insignia of office.

Baron Maseres had a house in the country and one in London, but he preferred living in his old chambers on the ground-floor in the King's Bench Walk, Temple. Thither we were taken almost every day by our nurses to get the key to the Temple Gardens, which the Baron kindly lent us. If I ever went to the house with my father to see the old gentleman, I heard, with a good deal of mathematics which I did not understand, a good deal of literary gossip touching the celebrated men and women he had known.

Dr. Johnson was a contemporary, though older by twenty-seven years than Maseres, whose French blood and courteous manner made him



unsympathetic with the leviathan's roughness. He, as well as many other of my friends, had known the learned Grecian, Dr. Parr, of whom, at the beginning of this century, many stories were in circulation, most of them touching the great scholar's disregard of the usual proprieties and amenities of life. The following was never printed, and is hardly worth printing: Dr. Parr went to visit a clergyman in the country, but declined to preach for his host, and, of course, was one of his hearers on Sunday, so this couplet was written, perhaps by himself:

‘ Here’s a paradox exceeding all paradoxes far ;  
Here’s Parr below the preacher, and the preacher below par.’

Baron Maseres was really generous and liberal in his estimate of women's learning, though he certainly must have thought their powers very far below those of men. I heard him express admiration for a lady who had learnt Greek and Latin—to some extent an unusual acquirement then—and who pronounced Greek a fine language, but Latin a very crabbed one. My father introduced him to Miss Lousada, a Jewish lady of great intellectual power.’ She was a mathematician, and had translated Diophantus, and edited

or annotated Mascheroni. She had written many volumes of universal history, and would have been at any time a very distinguished scholar, not far second to Mrs. Somerville. She had, I imagine, few opportunities of meeting persons who could exchange ideas with her on scientific subjects, and her much anticipated interview with Maseres amazed my father and mother. The two mathematicians plunged at once into deep water, the entrance of my mother being so little noticed that she left them to settle some disputed question, and returned after half an hour to find them just where they were.

Baron Maseres wrote an account of, or essay on, 'Logarithmic Writers.' I suppose this was not valuable, for a large number were sold for waste-paper.

As we lived in Blackfriars\* for a part of each

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\* It must have been during his residence in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, that my grandfather received the following letter from Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveller and mineralogist, who was an old friend, and also had been a pupil, of his. I print it here, together with my father's notes on the same. The letter is without date, but the post-mark is 1817, and the scene referred to seems to have just taken place. Dr. Clarke was Uni-

year until I was ten years old, the Temple Gardens were a great resource to us. They were not nearly so pleasant as they are now, for many soot-begrimed houses have been removed, fresh air has been let in, and the great bank of mud which reached half across the river

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versity Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge from 1808 till shortly before his death in 1822.—ED.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ I will attend most punctually to all you direct to be done. Never was such a scene as that which took place in my lecture-room. Present: Dean Milner, *ci-devant* Professor of Chemistry; Dr. Wollaston; Professor Cumming, Professor of Chemistry; Mr. Holme, indefatigable chemist; Ed. D. Clarke, workman. The drama opened with Milner’s taking off his wig and putting on a nightcap. Dr. Wollaston then put on also a nightcap, and thus armed, these mighty leaders of the dispute sat down to discuss, or rather to define, what each of them intended by the word *metal*. About an hour passed before this could be determined. Then I was permitted to exhibit the supposed metal of Barytes. Milner swore that it was as much a metal as iron; Holmes agreed with Milner; Wollaston and Cumming both allowed it to be a metallic body, but not a metal. Here I offered to pause, because this was granting all that I have maintained. But Milner and Wollaston fell warmly into

has been turned into the Embankment; the fine show of flowers in the garden testifying to its fertilizing quality. But as I first knew them, the Temple Gardens were far better than streets or squares. You could lie on the grass, looking at the sky, and filling the blue with aërial cloud-

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dispute. Milner filed the end of a file, saying he saw no difference between my metal and the metal of the file. Wollaston then rested upon his grand argument, that my metal *would not* conduct electricity. An electrometer was brought, when Milner triumphantly proved that my metal *does* conduct electricity. Thus driven from every point, you would suppose that the London philosopher ought to have made us the *amende honorable*, and acknowledged our victory; but not a jot of this. He returned to London as obstinate as ever, confessing, however, that he had seen some things that he did not before believe in nor expect to see. This fine day I am going with my family to use the telescope you so kindly gave us on the Castle Hill.

‘Very sincerely yours,

‘E. D. CLARKE.’

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NOTE BY A. DE MORGAN ON THE ABOVE LETTER.

*A Question in the History of every Science.*

“The fact . . . was established by . . . in the year . . .” The blanks may be filled up in a hundred ways. Those who look back to the very time will, most probably, reduce the assertion to the fact that

palaces and people ; or, if your imagination more soberly kept on things of earth, you might listen for echoes of the ghostly voices of Dr. Johnson, and Boswell, and Oliver Goldsmith, talking, or wrangling, on the seat under the old oak near Paper Buildings. The tree was fresh and green when I remember it, but it is quite dead now,

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. . . in the year . . . gave what ultimately turned out to be the means of establishing . . .—or else established a part and suspected the rest. There may have been years of discussion, but the common practice is to set down the finished knowledge as of the date at which the investigator put the result in a way to become certain. Those who carefully read the discovery, who are not one in three of subsequent investigators themselves, learn to know the dawn which precedes the full light. But those who are content with *history* imagine that the knowledge came into sight as rapidly as the tropical sunrise, which enabled the Princess Scheherazade to stop in the middle of a sentence with, “I see day.” And it may happen that even those who doubted come in course of time to forget their own doubts, or to take them from a different point of view.

‘Davy, it is said, discovered *barium*, the metallic base of baryta, in the year 1808, by a process suggested by Berzelius and Pontin. It is quite true that Davy, in 1808, announced the *decomposition* of baryta ; but I do not find that he announced the “globule” which he

though reverently enclosed with a railing, and still known as 'Johnson's Oak.'

The church, too, with its dark nooks and mysterious corners, furnished food for fancy, though its condition was far from what it should have been, seeing what a venerable relic it really was. It is much more beautiful now, with its

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had obtained to be a metal. If he did, the discovery was not admitted ; there were years of doubt. Dr. E. D. Clarke, in 1817, effected the decomposition by the blow-pipe.

'In 1854 I sent a copy of this letter to the late Prof. Cumming for his amusement. It is but fair to give his answer :

“I have distinct recollection of the lecture-room scene, and have often mentioned it as one of the most amusing I ever witnessed. Dr. Clarke's description is somewhat poetical, as everyone who knew him might expect ; Wollaston's wig, for instance ” (but this is a misapprehension ; it is only Milner who is represented as taking off a wig. Prof. Cumming seems to admit the nightcaps) ; “and I have no remembrance of the electrometer. As perhaps you do not know the occasion of this meeting of Wollaston and Milner, I may as well tell it. In the course of Clarke's experiments with the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, he persuaded himself that he had reduced the metal barium from the nitrate of barytes ; he certainly fused it, and the globule, when filed, had the metallic lustre. In this Wollaston and I

Devonshire marble columns and basilica-like interior, and the effigies of the Crusaders reposing in good case in the nave, instead of lying, as I remember them, in the coarse long grass, most of them without their heads. But the

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agree, but how we could have called it a metallic body and denied it to be a metal I do not understand. I did not think much at the time of Milner allowing it to be a metal, for it was evident to me that he did it merely for an argument with Wollaston. These experiments excited a good deal of interest in the London chemists, who repeated them unsuccessfully, and, I think, not fairly; for Clarke operated with the hydrogen in excess, which they did not. Theoretically I see no improbability in the reduction of barium by intense heat in an atmosphere of hydrogen. If you have any curiosity on the subject, you will find the details of Clarke's experiments in the *Annals of Philosophy*."

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Eighteen years before this date Dr. E. D. Clarke had undertaken the scientific journey to the North, during which he made his celebrated collections. His speedy departure was announced to my grandfather in the following letter.—ED.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I should have been employed at this moment in writing to you, but for an unfortunate accident which befell me in visiting the cutter on board of which we are to sail to-morrow. I thank you sincerely for

mystery of the place is gone ; it is the price paid for trimness and restoration. One cannot fancy Brian de Bois Guilbert doing penance for his many sins in the Temple Church ; but he might

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your kind offer. Our tour is calculated to comprehend all the shores of the Baltic Sea, including the Gulf of Bothnia, etc., together with the towns and cities which are situated either upon them, or in their immediate neighbourhood. If you will have the kindness to direct any letters "À la Poste Restante, Stockholm," we shall receive them after we return from the North Pole. It is my full determination not to quit those frozen regions without having penetrated within the Arctic Circle. I wish you health and happiness. Mr. Cripps, my pupil, is so good as to perform the office of an amanuensis. Malthus\* and Otter† particularly desire to be remembered to you. Vive l'enterprise ! Adieu.

‘ Your sincere friend,

‘ ED. DAN CLARKE.

‘ P.S.—I forgot to add the nature of my accident. My ankle is violently sprained, and the pain prevents my writing.’

‘ I am sorry I did not see you in town. I called two or three times since I saw you without finding you at home.—R. MALTHUS.’

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\* The writer on population, who accompanied Dr. Clarke on part of his journey.

† Afterwards Bishop of Chichester.



have done so as long as it remained in its original state, for the Templars moved in in 1185, leaving their old habitation near Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Was this the beautiful old inn which was pulled down a few years ago?

## CHAPTER II.

Godfrey Higgins—Lunatic Asylums and their Reform—Stoke Newington — Freemasonry — John Landseer — Sabæan Researches—John Bellamy—Thomas Taylor the Platonist —William Blake—S. T. Coleridge.

ONE of my pleasantest recollections is of Godfrey Higgins, the honest and persevering antiquary, and most sanguine and bold of hobby-riders.

He had not applied himself to antiquarian research when I first saw him. My sister and I were then very young, perhaps eight or ten years old. Mr. Higgins was under forty, and had a wife and two charming daughters. When I first saw him he was full of a visit to Italy, where he had found many curious things which he could not at that time account for. But it was not until after the death of his wife and one daughter, and the marriage of the other, that he became entirely absorbed in those investigations which have made him known as the author of *The Celtic Druids* and *Anacalypsis*.

He deserves a notice, however, for works more directly practical than these revelations and theories. One incident which I heard him relate to my father and mother is worthy to be recorded.

Mr. Higgins had been at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was a major in the militia of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and the owner of a delightful place called Skellow Grange, near Doncaster. It was in his capacity of Justice of the Peace that he was able to assist in effecting the good work described below.

There were two asylums for the insane at York. One of these, founded in 1792 by William Tuke, was becoming celebrated as the Retreat. The other, the York Lunatic Asylum, was in a very bad condition, and suspicions had been raised as to its state by the founder of the Retreat, and some of his family. Through their appeals in the newspapers, Mr. Higgins became aware of what was probably going on, and felt that a more complete scrutiny was required than had hitherto been made in the official visits of the magistrates. During these visits everything had been made to look as clean and neat as possible.

In those days very few persons were enlightened

on the treatment of the insane, and very few had an idea either what asylums were, or what they ought to be. The visitors were withheld from a thorough examination of the whole building by being told that the inmates were dangerous, and the visits ended with mutual satisfaction on the part of the managers and visiting magistrates. But, after what Mr. Higgins had heard, he was determined that his next visit should not be a superficial one. When he visited the Asylum for the purpose of making a thorough investigation, Mr. Samuel Tuke and other gentlemen were appointed to join in the inquiry. They found the usual apparent cleanliness in some of the best wards, but other wards were dirty, and the visitors were convinced that some parts of the building were hidden from their inspection.

On one of these visits of inquiry Mr. Higgins said he should like to see the kitchen. The party went to it, and found all clean and well arranged.

‘What is this door?’ said the troublesome visitor, pointing to one in the basement, which showed no means of admission.

‘It leads only to an unused cellar, in which lumber has been stowed away.’

‘ Let us have it open,’ said the visitor, and the keeper was told to bring the key.

This could not be found, and the door was said not to have been opened for years. Then Mr. Higgins, saying he would soon find a key, went into the kitchen and brought out the poker. On this the keeper produced the key, the door was opened, and the party went in. It was no cellar for lumber, but contained a row of cells quite dark, and giving out a horrible smell. These cells were occupied at night by thirteen women.

The date of this occurrence was about 1813. The whole condition of the Asylum was examined and exposed, and the humane system pursued at the York Retreat came more prominently into notice when contrasted with it.

The state of Bethlehem Hospital was found to be much like that of the York Asylum. The whole was brought before Parliament ; but Committees work slowly, and there was not much legislation until the year 1827, when Mr. Gordon moved for leave to bring in a Bill on the subject. His efforts, seconded by those of Lord Ashley, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury, were in some degree successful ; but many abuses went on, less in some places than in others, until Lord Ashley succeeded

in procuring an investigation of the state of Lunatic Asylums and the treatment of the insane throughout the country. His great Bill passed in 1845.

Many of us have an idea of what Hanwell and Bethlehem Asylums are now, but few know or have ever heard what efforts have been needed to bring them to their present state. Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Sir William and Lady) Ellis had been friends of Godfrey Higgins and of Mr. S. Tuke, by whom they had been placed at Wakefield Asylum, and afterwards were appointed to the direction of Hanwell Asylum, which soon bore witness to the admirable treatment employed.\*

When I was about twenty years old, and we were living at Stoke Newington, in the ancient house where Daniel Defoe had lived, and sometimes, I believe, hid himself from political pursuers, Mr. Higgins became our frequent visitor. He had been travelling, chiefly in Italy, and had amassed an immense quantity of knowledge of a rather miscellaneous character, which, when given out to superficial hearers, seemed to resolve itself into a general hatred and mistrust of priests, and

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\* For a full account of all these reforms see *Chapters on the Insane in the British Isles*, by Dr. D. Hack Tuke. Kegan Paul and Co., London.

a suspicion of the existence of relics of ancient mysteries in every old crypt and behind every old altar, ready to be brought out as occasion offered, in Canterbury Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. But his learning, though crude and miscellaneous, was real, strong material for subsequent explorers. He collected the geographical and astronomical facts, which showed that the cairns and monoliths of the East symbolized the same ideas in India as they did in Ireland and Wales, and in every place where the Sun, the universal symbol, has been revered as the earthly representative of Heavenly Power. Other explorers were already on the same track. Not to mention the steady translators, such as Anquetel Duperron and Sir William Jones, Sir W. Drummond, Dupuis, and others, were discovering the germs of ancient religions mingled with Sun-worship in India, Persia, and Egypt; but the psychical truths which the older nations had formulated into a real religion were forgotten, and the symbolic forms under which principles were represented were supposed to be themselves the objects of worship. The early antiquaries having settled that everything was reducible to the worship of the Sun and Stars, pronounced that the 'Secrets' and 'Mys-

teries' of the religion were—at least, so far as there was anything valuable in them—only scientific, chiefly astronomical, knowledge. All the phenomena described by Herodotus as appearing in the Oracles, and by Plato, Iamblichus, and others, as occurring in the Eleusinian and other Mysteries, were set down to fraud and covetousness on the part of the priests, and credulity and superstition on that of the people. My dear old friend, whose belief was that, in order to profit by this ignorance, secrecy and exclusion were maintained, was not aware that the secrets kept by the priests were absolutely such as *could* not be generally divulged without the greatest danger to health and sanity. The Psychical Research Society will perhaps discover this if they persevere in their experiments. He also had an idea that these 'priests, the curse of the world,' had transmitted their 'secret system' through the clergy of all times and nations, and that in the Chapter House at York, as well as in the College of Cardinals, might be found numbers of clericals who could explain why the stones at Stonehenge, the Pyramids, and the Fire-towers of Ireland, were placed as they are with reference to the sun's course; why the Devil's Arrows, near Bowbridge, were as



many feet below the ground as they were above it ; and why the painted signs of the Zodiac are, or were, to be found in Becket's Crown in Canterbury Cathedral and behind the Papal Chair in the Vatican. All this was probably inseparable from the first impressions made by newly-discovered resemblances and analogies on one who, with his love of the mysterious, and ignorance of the mystical, was one of the typical men—the Cyclopeans—whose work it was to bring together the stones of that bridge which should connect the religions of the past with those of the present.

In the course of his inquiries, Mr. Higgins found many of the marks and symbols which he knew to be used by Freemasons engraved or inscribed on the walls of old Indian Temples, as well as on the oldest Round Towers, and walls of churches. He suspected, with truth, that the Freemasons had the 'secret system' somehow or other hid away in their Lodges, and he learnt the origin and meaning of the ceremonies of the craft, before he became a 'Free and Accepted Mason.' But I believe he held it all, or almost all, to be Sun-worship, and in this he followed Richard Carlile, the infidel publisher, who believed the whole, with what it had of Eastern mythology, to be a mythical symbolism in Astronomical form, and that

neither the Temple of Jerusalem, King Solomon, nor Hiram Abiff, had any historical foundation.

All that Mr. Higgins discovered—or, rather, all that he held valuable—he embodied in his two large quarto volumes entitled *Anacalypsis, or, the Saitic Veil of Isis removed*. He died before the second volume was published; but some years before this time, and when much of the work was in manuscript, I (being about twenty-two years old) went with my father and mother to spend a few days at Skellow Grange. I had before had great pleasure in hearing him tell of the facts which one after another he had elicited from old books and documents, and I sometimes kept references for him to any scrap of ancient learning which I met with in my father's (then) good collection of curious old books. My reading was not like that of the young ladies of my time, and I often shrank humiliated before the well-formulated rules of grammar and well-chosen extracts with which my companions were familiar. But I was able to take great delight in Mr. Higgins' researches, and at that time implicitly believed in all his conclusions. I have since learnt that the 'Sun-worship' to which he and many antiquaries have relegated all the mysteries of old religions, was in many of its

parts only a system of symbols embracing and concealing spiritual knowledge.\*

About the time when the *Anacalypsis* was finished, during the visit referred to, we took a walk from Skellow Grange to a place called Askern or Askeron, an incipient Harrogate, commemorated by Mr. Henry Chorley in this stanza, which I give, with apologies for plain speaking, as it was given to me :

‘Passing close to Askeron,  
Was asked what I thought thereon,  
Quoth I, judging from the stink,  
“We can’t be far from hell, I think.”’

\* The following letters are characteristic of the writer, who believed that his discoveries were of more importance than proved to be the case.—ED.

*From Godfrey Higgins to William Frend.*

‘SKELLOW GRANGE,

‘September 19, 1829.

‘DEAR FRIEND,

‘I find my “Mohamed” is likely to be taken up by the priests in some way or other, besides the press, and I want your advice and assistance. I sent a copy of it to Mr. De Morgan, with a request that he would present it to the London University. Now I am afraid that this should place it in a disagreeable situation, for I do not believe the managers of that institution would wish to affront me by refusing it, and

Certainly the atmosphere in the wells savoured of Dante's Inferno.

But during that pleasant walk my companion, helping me over ditches and across ploughed fields, talked earnestly of the work just completed, which I promised to read in manuscript. He explained what he believed he had discovered of the principles and origin of Freemasonry, which, however, contains only a vitiated remnant of the 'Great System' which prevailed in Asia in the earliest times, and wherever the first immigrants settled in Europe, bringing with them their astronomical knowledge and mystical rites.

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I fear that if they should thank me for it, they should lay themselves open to attacks from their enemies, which I should very much regret. On these accounts I would wish to withdraw the present, if it could be done, and I shall be very much obliged to you to call on Mr. De Morgan, and to talk confidentially with him on the subject, and to do in it for me whatever you think most expedient.

'Believe me, yours very truly,

'GODFREY HIGGINS.

'P.S.—You will see the letter on the other side may be torn off and given to Mr. De Morgan, if you think it expedient. I am exactly in the same situation with the Asiatic Society, and I should wish you, if it be not requesting too much of you, to speak to Mr. Hutman

‘Now,’ he added, ‘mind you do not forget anything I have told you. I am going to be made a Freemason ; then I shall show the Duke of Sussex all I have written. It is all in my book, and I do not expect to learn anything more in the Lodge. If the Duke thinks my becoming a Templar will prevent my publishing what I now know, I shall not become one. But mind you remember all I have told you.’

I read the manuscript, and noticed a few underlined sentences, all of which referred to what he had said to me. These will almost all be found in the second volume of the *Anacalypsis*. The

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about it ; for I know from Hutman that the Society is considered with some suspicion by the orthodox. You will see that I have placed these Societies in rather an awkward situation. If you talk confidentially with Mr. Hutman, you will be able to judge what is best to be done, or if anything be necessary to be done. He will know the nature of the committee, and whether, without compromising me or himself in any way, he can discuss the matter with them, or whether it be necessary to state the matter at all to them. Suppose he could delay delivering them till I see how my opponents proceed. I know that they have failed in their first attempt. Probably, if they do *nothing*, it will pass, and no notice be taken more than of any other book presented to them. Suppose before you open the business to Hutman you

author was admitted into the Duke of Sussex's Lodge—the oldest, I think—and went speedily through the three degrees and that of Royal Arch.

When I next saw him in London I asked whether he could tell me anything new. He put his fingers on his lips, looking very full of fun, and said: 'Mum's the word; but I have nothing to tell.' So I knew that he had learnt nothing new connected with the valuable ancient realities of Freemasonry; and such information as could be got from manuals, etc., he had before. I afterwards found the references mentioned ..... ask him if he have received the copies, and what he has done with them. But in everything use your own discretion, doing anything or doing nothing.

'Yours truly,

'G. H.'

'SKELLOW GRANGE,

'DEAR FRIEND,

'April, 1832.

'As I can get a frank, I write to ask you a question. I have just got sight of Whiston's theory of the earth, and to my very great surprise he advocates some doctrines respecting the deluge, and accounts for some effects in a way which exactly squares with some theories of mine. In short, he and I, travelling by roads as different as possible, arrive at the same end. He goes East, I go West, and we meet in the middle. Now, what I want you to tell me is if you know

printed in italics in the *Anacalypsis*; and many years after, when I inquired at Reeves and Turner's for something better than the manuals, I was referred to this book, which I was told was very scarce, but which contained everything that could be learnt on the origin and nature of the 'Craft.' This was true at that time, but recent histories of Zoroaster, and treatises on his doctrines and on the Persian religion generally, contain many additions to the knowledge of Freemasonry, easily found by those who know its mystical element and where to look for it.

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whether any person ever attempted to refute Whiston's theory of the destruction of the world by a comet, and also his theory that the year by that event was lengthened from 360 to 365 days. My object is solely confined to these points, for there are innumerable matters in his writings where I do not agree with him. He professes to prove these assertions, not only by ancient history, but by mathematical demonstration. I suppose his astronomical and chronological calculations must have been examined by hundreds of persons, and their truth or falsity very well established. Or has the nonsense with which they are accompanied caused the whole to be treated with contempt? I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. and the Miss F.'s.

'Yours very truly,

'GODFREY HIGGINS.'

The Duke of Sussex used to say that Godfrey Higgins, Richard Carlile, and he himself, were the only persons who knew anything of the matter. But a prophet has no honour in his own family, and I heard, many years ago, that, after the last of Mr. Higgins' immediate family was gone, some more distant relations who came into the possession of Skellow Grange found a number of copies of the *Anacalypsis* in sheets, and, being alarmed by their anti-clerical and unorthodox character, burnt them all.\*

The next person whom I remember as having been our visitor when I was very young indeed, and continuing his acquaintance after my marriage

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\* Apparently Mr. Higgins had at one time some intention of going into Parliament, as in 1832 the following was written by William Frend to A. De Morgan. —ED.

‘I have had another letter from Higgins, who is going forward rapidly with his work, in which are many wonderful discoveries. I think it is not at all improbable that he will be in the next Parliament, but he keeps to his resolution not to pay for a seat, and to be, if he is elected, the *legislatorial attorney* (his own words) of his constituents. This is better than any pledges, for the two parties will be properly connected together. If they desire him to do what he dislikes, he will then resign his attorneyship.’



in 1837, was Mr. John Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin Landseer, the immortal animal-painter. Mr. Landseer was an antiquary, and was also engraver to the King, and in both capacities he was, early in this century, interested in, and able to examine, the sculptured fragments then beginning to be collected from the ruined Cities of the Plain. Like Mr. Higgins, he found sermons in stones; but while those in which the unveiler of Isis sought his discourses were the Cyclopean monuments of the Druids and their related worships, Mr. Landseer drew a great deal of Biblical knowledge from the small and beautifully-graven cylinders known as the 'Babylonish gems,' found in large numbers in the remains of Babylon, Nineveh, and Persepolis. These are familiar to us all now, but seventy years ago people looked with wonder and reverence upon the little rollers of jasper, hæmatite, jade, chalcedony, or cornelian, which were perforated longitudinally and finely engraved after the manner of a seal, with the images of Assyrian and Chaldean deities, kings, and priests, constellations and arrow-headed characters, like those on the Nineveh marbles in the British Museum. 'These relics had been recognised as intended to be strung, and probably

worn by the owner ; but they were then generally and rather vaguely supposed to be amulets or charms. Mr. Landseer showed by rolling them on some soft substance—I think plaster of Paris—how they were used, and that they were seals or signets. And he greatly rejoiced in setting forth how Joseph's signet, hidden in Benjamin's sack, and others mentioned in the Old Testament, was a cylinder of this kind. They might possibly also be amulets. They certainly were often engraved so as to show the nativity of the owner ; and, as might be expected in a country where all the educated men were priests, and all the priests astronomers, both the intaglio engravings and the bas-reliefs were historical documents as well as religious monuments. Mr. Landseer embodied his ideas on these cylinders in a series of lectures first given to the Royal Society, and afterwards condensed into essays under the title of *Sabæan Researches*. His extreme deafness made conversation with him difficult, and he was, like other hobby-riders, very unwilling to listen to differences of opinion, so I believe my father soon gave up trying to change some of his views on the precession of the equinoxes and the meaning of certain Hebrew words. I do not know

which of these early students came nearest to the facts now established, but if the interpreter of the signets was slightly dogmatical, his monologue was always interesting. He would occasionally ask me to write out a Hebrew text for him. The last one, I think, had reference to the stars mentioned in Job, and another one described Sennacherib and his march.

Many years after the publication of the *Sabæan Researches* the author brought to our house in London, and lectured on, a large slab from a rocky pass in Syria, the sculptured figures on which he thought represented one of the Assyrian leaders named in Scripture. On this occasion Mr. Joseph Bonomi accompanied him. Years after this time I recognised my old friend the tablet in the Soane Museum, of which Mr. Bonomi was then curator or manager. Though the stones of the ruined cities have given us many sermons since that first deciphering, some of their legends are still, I believe, hidden in myth. Among the fragments of the great Nineveh Library, translated with such wonderful ability by Mr. George Smith, are several 'Records of the Past' which treat of the doings of the Gods, the Creation, the Deluge, etc. May I

suggest a possible meaning for the last-named of these? It came to my mind about eight years ago.

Though the sound of the letters is not known, and only their *values* could be given, yet, seeing that they must be in a Chaldean dialect resembling, if not quite the same as Hebrew, I thought something might be gathered from getting the Hebrew meaning of the roots of the proper names, of which so many occur in this curious story. So I found, or thought I found, in the account of the flood, *Sisit's*\* consultation of *Isdubar* (whose name certainly implies an embodiment of the Word,† and who had attained to a life among the Gods), his building the Ark and filling it with living creatures (typical of sensations and feelings), his steering safely through the storm of evil powers, and his resting at length upon *Mount Nazar*,‡ where he built an altar and cast away all *bad* thoughts (typified by birds), sending the Dove, the Holy One, heavenward—all these and a good many other features of the story§ seemed to show that it was a myth of the

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\* The ladder, the ascender.

† *Isdubar*. *Debar* is the Hebrew for 'Word.'

‡ Purification or separation, whence *Nazarite*.

§ The name of the ferryman, *Ubaratutu*, who takes passengers across to the place where the immortals dwell.

soul in its passage through life, its encounter with temptations and troubles, its victory and purification, and at length its reception of the Spirit (the wife), after which it has achieved a place among the Gods (immortality).

I took courage, and told all this suggested explanation to Mr. Bonomi, a year before his death. He was pleased with it, reminding me that many religionists saw the same meaning in the Exodus from Egypt; and that the labours of Hercules, thought by some scholars to be depicted in the Zodiac, had been said to have features in common with the Chaldean narrative, and to set forth a similar myth of the soul. We may also possibly find an interpretation of Noah's Ark, and the ship *Argos*, and the Golden Fleece, may acquire an unsuspected but profound meaning. Mr. Bonomi begged me to embody my ideas on these myths of ancient nations in a paper which he would read to the Archæological Society. I would have tried to do this, but he died shortly after I saw him.

To return to Mr. Landseer and his early speculations. He occasionally met at our house John

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suggests Taute, Thoth, or Hermes (Mercury). Is not Ubaratutu the leader of souls over the boundary?

Bellamy, who deserves a passing word. Having been an uneducated working man, he had, by dint of indefatigable industry and in the face of many difficulties, mastered enough of the Hebrew language to translate several books of the Bible. It is true that the translation was deficient in almost all that would have been supplied by a more idiomatic knowledge of the language and an acquaintance with the researches of others. Still, the work was undertaken at a time when little attention was paid to archæology and philology, and, all things considered, Mr. Bellamy was certainly a learned Hebraist, and was esteemed and helped by several scholarly men, who thought his translation might contain some valuable readings. My father, who was afterwards trustee for the Tyrwhitt Scholarship at Cambridge, lost no opportunity of promoting any effort which might possibly throw light on ancient scriptures, and carefully went through the first sheets with the translator.\*

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\* The following letter from William Frend to Lady Noel Byron expresses his interest in the Hebrew language and religion. What the enclosure referred to was I have been unable to ascertain, but it must have reference to a supposed outbreak of incendiarism by

I remember a few discussions between Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Landseer, hot and strong, for the Antiquary was deaf and the Hebraist positive—so positive, indeed, that he sometimes startled us all by knocking his hand violently on the table and denouncing all former translators of the Bible as ‘Fools! Blockheads! Asses!’ for believing that the ‘sacred writer’ could be guilty of the blasphemy of saying that Balaam’s ass spoke, and for other crimes of criticism. My mother, who remembered John Wesley’s visiting her grandfather, Archdeacon Blackburne, with whom she had lived, said that Mr. Bellamy in

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Polish Jews. The entire letter is given, as, although the latter part has reference to other matters, it may be found of interest.—ED.

‘STOKE NEWINGTON,  
‘1830.

‘MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

‘The enclosed confirms my opinion. Many books that you see in Hebrew characters are not written in the Hebrew language, but in that of the country where they were printed—German, Polish, Turkish, etc. A parchment found on the downs of Cumberland once puzzled the learned, and after all it turned out to be merely a magic square, probably written by a Jew pedlar for his amusement. I do not blame, however, in these times the apprehensions of the

appearance reminded her forcibly of that good man; but he was more combative, and less devout and benignant. My mother told how, when she was a little girl, John Wesley had laid his hand on her head and given her his blessing.

My very early recollections are chiefly of peculiar people, men who had a leading thought or special study. Many of these were self-taught, and, so far, unlike the cultivated scholars who are now engaged in showing the mysteries of the Old—or, as we ought rather to say, the Young—World. One noteworthy specimen of a powerful mind absorbed in a leading study, whom to designate as a turnpike people, but you may be sure of this, that, of all people in the world, the Jews are the least likely to be concerned with our conflagrations. My interpreter is a very learned Jew, and if it falls in your way to recommend a Hebrew teacher to anyone, I beg you to remember him. I look upon it as a very great advantage of my early life that I came to town in one summer vacation on purpose to learn Hebrew. This led me to an acquaintance with the *nation*. I have dined in its booths on the Feast of Tabernacles, have several times taken the Pascal Supper—which, by the way, explains the New Testament better than all the commentary on the Lord's Supper—have spent hours upon hours in the synagogue on the days of the great atonement, have heard the Hosannahs repeatedly there ;



nate a hobby-rider would be to misapply terms, was Thomas Taylor, the Platonist.

He called on my father, and was sometimes accosted with 'Welcome, Jupiter Olympius!' The conversation that ensued was earnest and energetic, especially on the side of the Greek philosopher. Years after this when I read, and thought I understood, Iamblichus and Plotinus, translated by Mr. Taylor, I wished his discussions and arguments with my father had been held when I could have understood and profited by them. We are now beginning to see that as profound a symbolism, setting forth

and the fruit of *all* this is that I think I see rather more clearly into the meaning of the prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii., and of Rev. xv. 3 and xxi. 12, than the generality of my countrymen; and, though the madness of the people should render England a scene of desolation, yet my last words will, I hope, be like those of Habakkuk iii. 17.

'What a strange letter this is to a lady of high rank, and what a laughter would be excited if it were read in the two houses! Such uncouth names as Ezekiel and Habakkuk would by themselves be enough to excite universal derision, yet in spite of the laughers I shall still maintain my opinion that from the volume from which my quotations are taken, and from that alone, can be derived those sound maxims by which the

psychical and even religious truth, underlies the myths of gods and goddesses, and the mysteries of the Greek worship at its different periods, as has been brought to light in the mythologies of India and Egypt. The scholarship of 'Jupiter Olympius' is acknowledged, but perhaps we hardly yet know how far the old Platonist looked beyond the learning of his time. I have since wondered what it was that brought him to my father. The latter, with a clearness of thought which occasionally brought on him the charge of being matter-of-fact, was a disciple of Locke *with a difference*, and that a great one. Locke believed

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conduct of individuals and of Governments can be properly regulated. However, all this is *surdis fabula*.

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'I perceive the Lords have had a long debate on the poor; but what signifies talking to persons who will not consent to any alterations of the game laws—laws which tend more to the demoralization of the poor than anything else in England? Till the Lords have washed off this blot on their characters they may talk to the winds.

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'I have now in my possession the paper on which the King wrote the inscription on the tablet erected by him to the memory of his friend, the late Admiral Fox. You have probably read it in the papers, and the

every mind to be a *tabula rasa* ; a sheet of paper, on which you may write anything you like. My father knew better than this, as anyone must know who has had children. He qualified the statement by saying that some minds are like blotting-paper, some like delicate white paper, and some like hard brown. But he never *would* admit that some kinds of minds are *quite* un-receptive of some kinds of impressions ; that admission would have overturned some of his theories of education. But with all this belief in impressions from the outer world and rejection of innate ideas, he had a corner in his nature which

anecdote may amuse you. The Admiral's executors sent the King, then Duke of Clarence, in common with several other of the deceased's friends, a ring, for which the Duke returned thanks in very kind terms. On coming to Ramsgate, his first visit was to the church where his friend was laid, and after some conversation with workmen in the place, to whom he was unknown, he desired one of them to call on a friend of mine to express his wish of seeing him the next day. He, of course, went, and the Duke expressed a desire that a tablet might be plac'd at his expense, a proposal which could not be otherwise received than as an honour to the family. The next point was the inscription, when the Duke wrote off-hand what is now on the tablet, requesting only that it might be put into the hands of

might have made him even to some extent a follower of Swedenborg if he had been led to consider 'the Writings' seriously, and which made him tolerant of Mr. Taylor's expositions of Plato's Ideal World. This was a faculty he had in common with many similarly-constituted persons in all times, but which has only of late years attracted the notice of scientific men. It is described by Coleridge in the lines :

' My eyes make pictures when they are shut :  
I see a river broad and fair,  
A willow and a ruined hut,  
And thee, and me, and Mary there.'

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someone who knew better than himself how to write inscriptions. Thus written, it was carried to my late friend, Mr. Abbot, who died at the age of ninety-three, and had been tutor of St. John's, Cambridge, and to Horne Tooke, and was one of our first scholars. On looking it over, he declined making any alteration, and recommended that it should be adopted exactly in its present form. Had it been carried to our old friend Parr, we should have had, I think, a very different inscription.

' Ever yours very sincerely,  
' W. FRIEND.'

The following letter of a much earlier date from Sir James Mackintosh (at that time Recorder of Bombay), to my grandfather, shows the active interest of the latter in all forms of Eastern learning, and therefore

My father believed that everybody's eyes would make pictures when they were shut if the seer would only fix his attention upon them, and became almost impatient with me when I persisted that I could see nothing, while he was describing houses, trees, temples, and other objects seen under his closed eyelids, or, as he said, with the 'mind's eye.'

I once saw a man whose experience was passing great in this matter, and who could have enlightened even the scientific of these days. His visions, illustrated by powerful drawing and wonderful poetry, have made him famous; but few of  
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 finds a place here, although not in immediate relation to the reminiscences.—ED.

'BOMBAY,

'DEAR SIR,

'*June*, 1810.

'I received your letter of December 29, and your nephew, who is now passing some days with me in this house, and who seems an amiable and promising young man. I have caused inquiries to be made respecting the best arithmetical books of the natives. I shall supply your nephew with such as I can find, and shall have great pleasure in contributing to your collection of comparative arithmetic. Some time ago Mr. Strachey, then at Poonah, sent home (but to what algebraists I know not) a Hindu treatise on algebra, to ascertain whether it bore marks of Greek or Arabic

his admirers who prize his works as the fruits of a rich imagination, realize that he depicted scenes of another state, and had entered into another sphere of perception, when he saw the spirits of William the Conqueror, Cœur de Lion, and the terrible Flea.

When I was about ten years old I was walking with my father in the Strand, when we met a man who had on a brown coat, and whose eyes, I thought, were uncommonly bright. He shook hands with my father, and said :

‘Why don’t you come and see me? I live  
 origin, or whether it seemed to be a native of this country. I should be glad to know what was thought on the subject. I am procuring translations of Hindu logic to determine whether it be the peripatetic system brought here by the Arabs. I also hope to procure a translation of the principal work of the Vedante philosophers, the Hindu Bakeleians, and a book by the Nastac, the *negatives*, or Hindu atheists. It will be curious to see how far they coincide with, or vary from, the Western philosophers who have strayed into the same paths of speculation. In every age and country many good men have sacrificed both private sincerity and public improvement to tranquillity. The principles which lead to such sacrifice have been carried to their utmost extent in this country. The whole of it is a mass of misery and degradation—a vast monument of

down here ;' and he raised his hand and pointed to a street which led to the river.

Each said something about visiting the other, and they parted. I asked who that gentleman was, and was told :

'He is a strange man ; he thinks he sees spirits.'

'Tell me his name,' I said.

'William Blake.'

I may here mention, with reference to the question of inner vision, what my husband's dear old friend, Sir John Herschel, told us many years after of his experience on recovering from an

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the dreadful consequences to which such principles tend. Even the tranquillity to which everything has been sacrificed has not been obtained. Nothing is secure but those abuses which cause universal insecurity. I own, therefore, that I shall carry with me from this country a greater hatred of Rajahs and Brahmins than I brought hither, and consequently a greater respect for those who, like yourself, have sacrificed interest to conscience. I congratulate you on your marriage to a lady who must inherit principles like your own. I have not forgotten the agreeable day which I passed nearly twenty years ago in the barge from Ghent to Bruges, and I should be heartily glad to pass as much time with you soon again. I have little prospect of such a pleasure for some time ; but I have

illness. He had read a short paper on 'Sensorial Vision' before the Philosophical Society of Leeds, describing the pictures which passed before his closed eyes while he was quite awake. He said that the appearance of faces and landscapes with which he was familiar was not uncommon ; but he called attention to the geometrical patterns which passed before his eyes from left to right, and were sometimes of great beauty, believing that if they depended on any action of the mind on the brain their origin might be most readily ascertained. The faces and landscapes he did not attempt to deal with ; but of the simpler forms of the phenomenon he says :

'Where does the pattern itself originate ? Certainly not in any action consciously exerted by the mind, for both the particular pattern to be formed and the time of its appearance are not merely beyond our will and control, but beyond our knowledge. . . . The question

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another self in London, to whom I am most desirous of procuring the enjoyments of enlightened society. Either Mr. Sharp or Mr. Butler would do me the favour of making you acquainted with Lady Mackintosh.

'With kind respects to Mrs. Frend,

'I am, dear sir, yours truly,

'JAMES MACKINTOSH.'



still recurs . . . How is it that we are utterly unconscious of such a power, utterly unable voluntarily to exert it, and only aware of its being exerted at times and in a manner we have no part in, except as spectators of its results ?'

Sir John told me the last time I ever saw him that he then saw more faces and fewer landscapes. The faces, which appeared in quick succession, were gray and colourless. The landscapes were of great beauty, but such as he had never seen in the world. I referred him to a few sentences in Locke 'On the Understanding,' in which the philosopher describes his own experiences of the same kind. Since the paper was read at Leeds some interesting experiences have been given in the *St. James's Gazette*, February, 1882, and the subject has been treated at some length by Mr. Francis Galton.

Sir John Herschel could afford better than most scientific men to admit his ignorance of some things. Among these he always, he said, wished to find out the reason why the poker laid across the top of the fire makes it burn up. He knew it was the case. I had long believed this, and triumphed accordingly.

Perhaps, though Sir John Herschel disclaimed

the suggestion, and though he had none to offer instead, these 'sensorial visions' may have a deeper origin than simple optical derangements. Blake knew what they were, and Coleridge had a guess, though in his case they arose abnormally, and were produced by opium.

My remembrance of Coleridge is vague and shadowy, but I have heard him talking *to*, not *with*, my father for many hours when I, being a child only, wished he would stop, as much as when, years after, I went with my father to call on him at Highgate, I wished he had been well enough to let us hear him talk. We only then saw the terrace-walk in the garden, on which he spent many hours in fine weather, and heard from Mr. Gillman, in whose house he lived, of his daily life.

## CHAPTER III.

George Dyer—Charles Lamb—Crabb Robinson—Joseph Jekyll  
 —Mrs. Barbauld—Unitarian Chapels—Rammohun Roy  
 —Abraham Elias, a Jewish visionary.

I MUST now come down to a scholar and poet of a humble type, little known for his own work, but having gained some renown from his large acquaintance with the best men of his time, and from the esteem and affection in which they held him. When I was very young, George Dyer lived on the ground-floor chambers of an old dirt-begrimed house in Clifford's Inn, near the old gateway, now removed. He was supposed to be cared for by relations, who received money for taking no care of him. Several friends—among them Joseph Jekyll, Charles Lamb, John Rickman, of the House of Commons, and my father, some of whom had helped Dyer in his college days—saw and lamented the neglected state of the poor scholar, and my father made many efforts to

procure comfort and cleanliness in his daily life. He was short-sighted, almost to blindness, and always mentally up in the clouds, so his own surroundings troubled him less than they might have done a less dreamy man of the world.

Many were the stories told of Dyer's adventures and misadventures, all owing to his blindness and absence of mind. The chief narrators were Charles Lamb, Joseph Jekyll, my father, Crabb Robinson, and latterly John Bowring, and in none of their hands did the tales lose effect. At one period of his life—I fancy before he went as a sizar to Emmanuel College—Dyer was a Baptist minister, and I have seen his consternation and alarm when thus reminded of his ministrations by my father :

Wm. Frend : ' You know, Dyer, that was before you drowned the woman.'

G. Dyer : '*I* never drowned any woman !'

Wm. Frend : ' You have forgotten.' To the company generally : ' Dyer had taken the woman's hand and made her dip in the water ; he then pronounced the blessing and left her there.'

G. Dyer (troubled) : ' No, no ; you are joking. It could not be.'

Wm. Frend : ' I think the clerk or the deacon

or somebody got her out, so she got off with a bad cold.'

Charles Lamb told how one afternoon Dyer, who missed the way to his (Mr. Lamb's) house, where he was to pay a visit, walked up to his waist through the New River and came in like a merman. I never could find how much or how little truth there was in this, nor in the statement, attested by Dr. Bowring, that, on leaving his house at Clapton, Dyer, who could not find his hat, turned a small coal-scuttle over his head, and walked off with this head-gear.

While in the old chambers and in the neglected state in which I first remember him, Dyer worked hard. His chief work was a history of the University of Cambridge, not, I believe, of any great value, and probably now forgotten or superseded. He also gave much time and labour to an edition of the 'Delphin Classics,' edited by Dr. Valpy, and very poorly paid.

But late in life a tide came in his affairs. A kind woman, the widow of a solicitor, who owned the chambers opposite to his, watched him going in and out, and 'saw his quiet, harmless ways.' As she afterwards said in her Devonshire dialect, she 'could not abear to see the peure gentleman so

neglected.' So she made acquaintance with him, invited him across the Inn, and gave him tea and hot cakes and muffins 'comfortable.' At one of these entertainments, when the guest was expressing his satisfaction and thankfulness, she observed :

' Yes, Mr. Dyer, sir, you *du* want someone to look after you.'

The rejoinder was ready :

' Will you be that one ?'

' Well, sir, I don't say but what I've thought of it ; but you must speak to your friends, and let me see them, and if Mr. Frind approves——'

So my father was informed of the proposal, and in some alarm went to meet the intended victim at the chambers of the 'designing widow,' who had already 'buried' three husbands. His views of the case were soon altered. She was, so simple, so open, and so evidently kind-hearted, that, after examining and comparing all circumstances, he thought that his old friend's happiness would be secured by the marriage. It took place shortly after in St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street.

When the newly-married pair came to visit us at Stoke Newington, we who were in doubt as to

what we were to expect were pleased to find her a sensible, kindly-hearted woman, who had made of our neglected old friend a fine-looking, well-dressed elderly man, beaming with kindness and happiness.

After the marriage it was pleasant to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dyer. Old friends gathered round them, and Mr. Dyer would often repeat to us with pleasure what Mr. Charles Lamb or Mr. Joe Jekyll said about her talents in housekeeping, making bread, and other wifely qualifications. I have seen these men, and many others whose company would have been coveted in far prouder places, talking and jesting merrily in the rooms at the top of the old house in Clifford's Inn; the house next that on which the sundial had shown the time so long, and which looked sideways into the little Inn garden.

Mr. Jekyll was a humorist, and Dyer greatly enjoyed his jests. The following is a mild specimen, but it is the only one I remember :

One day he left the chambers just as we were going in, and I found Mr. and Mrs. Dyer laughing. Mr. Jekyll had told them of his troubles, which he said were far harder to bear than Mr. Dyer's, who was only afflicted with whitewashing,

for his (Mr. Jekyll's) door in Spring Gardens had been painted, and the knocker fastened up too high. 'So, you see,' he said, 'I was knocked up to begin with. And when I begged that it might be lowered, it was put so low that I had to stoop ; so I had to knock under at last.'

Another visitor in Clifford's Inn, who always took a laugh with him if he did not find one ready prepared, was James Tate, during the last years of his life a Canon of St. Paul's, but formerly Headmaster of Richmond School, Yorks. Many of the Cambridge men known in the early part of this century as the *Northern Lights* had been his pupils. Among these were Whewell, Adam Sedgwick, Thirlwall, Richard Sheepshanks, and others, whose affection for their old master was equal to his pride in them. Canon Tate gladdened Dyer's heart by many a tale and epigram fresh from the alma mater. At that time Dr. Thompson was Master of Trinity, and the old controversy about the authorship of *Eikon Basilike* had been wound up with a parody of 'Cock Robin' :

'Who wrote *Who wrote Eikon Basilike* ?

"I," said the Master of Trinity,

"With my little divinity,

And I wrote *Who wrote Eikon Basilike* ?"



I remember Mr. Tate at Richmond, the centre of a little circle of his old pupils who had stopped to see the beauties of the town and country during a vacation tour. The Flags is a broad pavement on which the élite of the town used to assemble for learned talk, politics, or gossip, as the case might be. Mr. Tate was a perfect guide-book, and the party on the Flags was discussing the castle, which stands on the other side of the market-place, on a steep by the river-side.

‘Yes,’ said the authority, ‘as Mac—— says, it’s a varra *kenspeckle* object.’

‘What’s that word?’ said an etymologist.

‘*Kenspeckle*. In your Southern dialect, *conspicuous*.’

‘Which is derived from which? Or how do they come to bear the same meaning and to be so much alike in sound, if they are not etymologically related?’

The person questioned, looking solemn and oracular, observed that ‘there were many mysteries in language, especially in the Northern tongue.’

‘For instance,’ he said, ‘in which of the classics can you find a sentence like this one, of which

you transpose all the parts and keep the meaning ?'

'Give it to us.'

And he repeated gravely :

'1. They're a hard thing to drive, *very*, when there's many of them, is a pig. 2. They're a hard thing to drive, is a pig, when there's many of them, *very*. 3. They're a hard thing, is a pig, *very*, to drive, when there's many of them. 4. They're a hard thing to drive, *very*, is a pig, when there's many of them. And it's susceptible, you will find, of other *permutations* and *combinations*.'

Charles Lamb was, I think, very like the silhouette placed as the frontispiece of the memoir—a small man, quaint and old-fashioned-looking, and usually when I saw him indulging in what is now called 'chaff' at the expense of his host; also, on the occasion which I best remember, indulging in a bottle of London stout. He felt much esteem for my father, but his often-repeated promises of coming to see us were never fulfilled, owing, I think, to the occurrence about that time of the great sorrow of his life. The following stanza was written at the Clifford's Inn chambers

one day after my father and he had had a conversation there :

‘ Friend of the friendless, friend of all mankind,  
To thy wide friendships I have not been blind ;  
But looking at them nearly, in the end  
I love thee most that thou art Dyer’s Friend.’

He was asked to write for me in my book, and I have the two poems in his firm, neat writing now. One, the longest, was meant as an introduction to the whole collection. It has been printed only within the last year by the Rev. Alfred Ainger in his recent work\* on Lamb, but he allows it to have a place here :

‘ TO THE BOOK.

‘ Little Casket ! Storehouse rare !  
Of rich conceits, to please the Fair !  
Happiest he of mortal men,—  
(I crown him monarch of the pen,)  
To whom Sophia deigns to give  
The flattering prerogative  
To inscribe his name in chief,  
On thy first and maiden Leaf.  
When thy pages shall be full  
Of what brighter wits can cull  
Of the Tender or Romantic,  
Creeping Prose or verse Gigantic,—  
Which thy spaces so shall cram  
That the Bee-like Epigram

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\* ‘ Poems, Plays, and Essays of Charles Lamb.’ London, 1884.

(Which a twofold tribute brings,  
 Honey gives at once, and stings,)
 Hath not room left wherewithal  
 To infix its tiny scrawl ;  
 Haply some more youthful swain,  
 Striving to describe his pain,  
 And the Damsel's ear to seize  
 With more expressive lays than these,  
 When he finds his own excluded  
 And these counterfeits intruded ;  
 While, loitering in the Muse's bower,  
 He overstayed the eleventh hour,  
 Till the tables filled—shall fret,  
 Die, or sicken with regret,  
 Or into a shadow pine :  
 While this triumphant verse of mine,  
 Like to some favoured stranger-guest,  
 Bidden to a good man's Feast,  
 Shall sit—by merit less than fate—  
 In the upper Seat in State.

‘CHARLES LAMB.’

In the next contribution Mr. Lamb was again tempted to play upon my name. It is not a flattering conviction, but in those funny days I might have lost several such effusions if the name had been different :

‘ACROSTIC.

‘*To S. F.*’

‘Solemn Legends we are told  
 Of bright female Names of old,  
 Phyllis fair, Laodameia,  
 Helen, but methinks Sophia  
 Is a name of better meaning  
 And a sort of Christian leaning.

For it *Wisdom* means, which passes  
 Rubies, pearls, or golden masses.  
 Ever try that Name to merit ;  
 Never quit what you inherit,  
 Duly from your Father's spirit.

‘CHARLES LAMB.’

Mr. Crabb Robinson was often with George Dyer during the last years of his life, and was very kind to his widow. All Dyer's Cambridge reminiscences were subjects of interest to him, and every incident connected with my father's trial, and all its bearings both on religious and political freedom, were so familiar to Mr. Robinson that I heard from him details which I never knew from the person most concerned. He was so largely endowed with the faculties of Individuality and Eventuality that his friends, if they wanted to get at the truth of any obscure piece of personal history, could not do better than apply to Crabb Robinson as they would to a biographical dictionary. He carried in his memory every detail of the lives and characters of such of his early contemporaries as had made any mark in the world ; but it pleased him most to recall those who had struggled for right or justice. I have two photographs of Mr. Robinson taken in his ninetieth year, both looking

critical and only half pleased. My husband said that one had been taken while he was listening to some dispraise of Goethe ; but the other, more severe, looked as he would do if it were intimated that Wordsworth had any equal in poetry or philosophy.

One day, some years after her husband's death, I found Mrs. Dyer sitting with a great-grandchild on her knee, sewing. Mr. Crabb Robinson had just left her, and she remarked that he was complaining, but was 'gettin' into years.'

'Why, how old is he?'

'Seventy-five, he says.'

'And you?'

'Well, Mrs. De Morgan, my dear, I was eighty-eight last birthday, and I can thread my needle and make a pillow-case.'

She lived to be over ninety-nine years old, and left a twin sister, who must have been a centenarian.

My father, who, as well as Geo. Dyer, lived to be eighty-four years old, died in the year 1841. He had been paralytic three or four years, and for many months unable to utter two or three words consecutively. The day before his death he pointed to a Bible, and made a sign for me to

read to him. I read his favourite Psalm, 'The Heavens declare the glory of God,' etc. When I was reading 'As for man, his days are as grass,' he joined in, and repeated with me, clearly and in a firm voice, the verses following to the end of the Psalm.

During his last illness poor George Dyer sent up daily to inquire after him. When the messenger came back for the last time, he asked for the news, and was told he was rather better. 'I understand,' he said; 'Mr. Frend is dead. Lay me beside him.' He then went into an adjoining room, washed his hands, returned, and quietly sat down in his armchair, as it was thought, to listen to a kind friend (Miss Matilda Betham) who came to read to him. Before beginning she looked up to her hearer, but the loving-hearted old man was dead.\*

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\* The following letter and verses were sent by George Dyer to my mother. Most likely the verses were intended for her album, in which Charles Lamb had already written.—ED.

'DEAR MISS FREND,

'I think I owe you, a few lines, so I send you the enclosed, written when my faithful four-footed friend died. I do not recollect anything which I had

One of my father's reasons for buying our house at Stoke Newington in the year 1819 had been the knowledge that a small remnant of the literary society, which had raised its character in the days of Dr. Isaac Watts (at one time a dweller in our house), might still be found there. The chief and centre of these few writers and thinkers were Mrs. Barbauld, her brother (Dr. Aikin), and his literary daughter (Lucy Aikin), authoress of several historical memoirs. I was eleven years old when we took up our abode in

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to say which was particular, and if anything should occur, it will come in due course in Mrs. Dyer's letter.

‘ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

‘Duly by thee, my poor four-footed friend,  
Was paid the debt of nature ; I must pay  
My debt of gratitude. The promised lay  
To thee is justly due ; and could I bend  
My heart's full meaning into words, would say  
How fond thou wast, at first and to the end,  
How true and faithful, and didst teach me more  
Than many a page of old scholastic lore  
That there's a power which, though we cannot see  
With eyes of sense, yet do all beings feel,  
Deeply impressed the Maker's stamp and seal—  
A power which moves all worlds, which lived and  
moved in thee.’



the old place, and greatly delighted in its clean, white, wainscoted rooms, with clusters of roses peeping in at the windows, its spacious recesses and unsuspected nooks and cupboards, and, above all, its large beautiful garden full of trees such as we seldom see near London. Mrs. Barbauld was always very kind to us. We lived four houses from her, and, everything not being quite ready at our house, my sister and I had a bed at hers for a night or two. It was very quiet and cold, white wainscoted like our own, but had not a picture to be seen anywhere, except, I think, in the drawing-room, where were two little framed faded portraits. The mantelpiece was very high, and had ornaments—at that time called spill-cases—upon it, and the fire was not large. The once pretty chintz curtains were faded, and the house looked to the north, so the whole *entourage*, to a child who had been used to the bustle and warmth of a London house, was chilly. Mrs. Barbauld was a very thin old lady, small and delicate-looking, with a kind and pleasant face. She had, we were told, improved in appearance with age. According to the ugly fashion of the time, she wore a 'front' of flaxen curls, although her own hair was, I know, long and abundant, and of

silvery whiteness. She wore generally a white cap, and dress of slate-coloured or gray silk, with a short train, and a white handkerchief or small shawl folded across the bosom. She had brought up her nephew, 'Little Charles,'\* giving him an education undreamed of then, and now found to involve too great a strain upon very young nerves and brains; but she was among the first who thought a young child should be taught anything intelligible. If Mrs. Barbauld had ever had a baby of her own, and had put it to sleep in her arms, her educational system would have been less intellectual, but more perfect. As it was, she was remarkable for the pleasure she took in the society of young people, and most kind and patient in playing games with them. These games had too much of the classical and intellectual element and too little fun in them to make us feel quite at our ease when we, with a few other very young people, spent the evening with her. Sometimes we capped verses. Some of us had an unfailing store of lines in our heads in Gray's 'Elegy,' or Cowper, or 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!' I was a dunce and a failure. I knew strings of verses, and might have remem-

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\* Mr. Charles Aikin.

bered lines from songs, or even from Scott or Moore, but they would not come at the right time. There was a historical play which I think Mrs. Barbauld enjoyed as much as her visitors. One of the party left the room, and was accosted on his or her return with speeches referring to his private affairs or political circumstances, from which addresses he was to discover whom he personated. I remember going out once, and, on re-entering, Mrs. Barbauld addressed me sympathetically on my affliction in being murdered by the one who owed me most, and another lady congratulated me on my ability in writing a short letter, full of meaning, from which I gathered that I was Julius Cæsar.

A young friend stayed a short time with us before her marriage, and Mrs. Barbauld was, as became a poetess, interested in the love affair and the wedding gifts. In compliance with the request of the giver of a pair of sugar-tongs, the following epigram was written by our kind neighbour :

‘TO MRS. —, WITH A PAIR OF SUGAR-TONGS.

‘To greet with gifts your marriage state  
 These tongs your kind acceptance wait ;  
 But “Where’s the sugar?” should you ask,  
 The sweets to find must be your task.’

Mrs. Barbauld had a true poetical feeling for plants and natural things. As she was walking in our garden, I gathered a bunch of violets, which she accepted kindly, but said, as she placed them in the bosom of her dress, that she always felt a hesitation in gathering flowers which were in full bloom and beauty, and possibly enjoyment, on the stalk, but which died so soon. She shared the impression that to gather a flower was a cruel sacrilege, as dooming to a lingering death a thing that was in its own degree enjoying its life.

One day, when Mrs. Barbauld kindly asked me what books I had read and what I liked, among others the *Evenings at Home*, written by Dr. Aikin and herself, was mentioned. I really liked *Tutor — George — Harry*, and had read these dialogues over and over again, for the dialogue form will make even umbelliferous plants, minerals, and mammalia interesting to a child. The poetess inclined to the fairies : *Order* and *Disorder*, and the pretty fairy of the flowers, named, I think, *Favoretta*, seemed to be her favourites, or, rather, she seemed to think they would be most appreciated by the young feminine mind.

Mrs. Barbauld naturally felt great interest in the religious reform inaugurated in India by

Rammohun Roy, and talked much of that remarkable man. He visited England some years after our acquaintance with her began. His coming was looked to by the Unitarians as a means of rousing inquiry into the truth of doctrines which they held to be contrary to the teaching of Christ, and they were greatly excited by the visit, and ready to welcome and claim him as an advocate of their special belief.

There were several Unitarian chapels in London and the neighbourhood. Of the two most important, one was within three miles of our house. At this chapel discourses were given every Sunday morning for an hour or more, most commonly on metaphysical questions, sometimes on knotty points of criticism or doctrine. I am bound to say that, from their length and depth, these sermons were sedative to many of the hearers ; but they were probably more highly estimated by those who thought they could follow their meaning, from being out of reach of the rest. And the preacher, a brave and erudite man, was like other Dissenting Ministers then—I don't know how they are now—a sort of Archbishop in miniature.

There were two other large chapels. One was in Finsbury, under the ministry of W. J. Fox,

who was afterwards engaged by the Corn Law League to give lectures on Free Trade. This last was frequented by persons of all beliefs and of no particular belief, drawn there by the great eloquence and, in some ways, breadth of sentiment of the preacher. At this chapel I first saw Rammohun Roy, who, with Dr. Bowring, spent a day with us soon after.

He was a very fine-looking man, his height exceeding that of the admiring Englishmen who crowded to shake hands with him after the service ; and his dark sparkling eyes, olive-brown skin, and black beard, with the picturesque Eastern turban and robe, made him a very striking object. When I saw him afterwards on our green lawn I rejoiced in the beautiful 'bit of colour,' and still more when I listened to his conversation. Like all reformers, he was only half understood, for each sect expected to find in him an advocate of its own particular dogma. He went among Quakers, and acquiesced readily in their doctrine of the reception of the Spirit ; among orthodox Dissenters and Churchmen, accepting salvation by faith, meaning that entire trust in the Divine goodness which shows itself in all the actions of life ; among the Unitarians, dwelling on the unity

of God and the moral teaching of Jesus. So when it was found that the Brahmin—who could have thrown light into each and all of these narrow chinks and inlets, and understood the one great spiritual truth which was expressed in different forms by all—declared that he was a believer in all those different specialities, he was pronounced to be a seeker for popularity, and ‘all things to all men.’ If he had sided exclusively with any one *ism*, and raised the favourite doctrine of any sect above all the rest, instead of showing that the way to ‘know of the doctrine’ was to do God’s will, he would have been raised by the favoured party to the rank of Luther, or Calvin.

With great pleasure I heard him expound this doctrine, which is a literal practical truth, taught by Christ Himself,\* and as little understood and acted on in these days as it was in His time. In the East, where inspiration is still believed in, and a certain amount of preparation for it is practised in many of the native religions, Rammohun Roy’s teaching—which enjoined a good life as a condition of spiritual endowment—might perhaps

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\* ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His (its) righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.’

be better understood and more literally followed. The miracles of Jesus were spoken of to him as confirmations of the Divine Mission. He said they would not prove anything to his countrymen, to whom miracles even more astonishing were familiar, 'for they saw them all round'; so he dwelt on the higher power, that of reception of the Spirit, to be attained by those who led an unselfish, loving life.

Soon after the time when, as a poetical-minded Dissenter observed, the 'Star of the East shone over our humble suburb,' a strange character appeared there. As I went out one day at the outer gate—Defoe's gate—I found a dark-eyed, black-haired man waiting admission. He was dressed something like a Turk, in robe, scarf, and turban, the two latter crimson and white, and he looked striking and Eastern. He spoke only French, and I found that he had been sent to my father by a humane Jewish acquaintance, who had seen him violently pushed out of the synagogue for professing his belief in Christ, and declaring that the Second Coming was at hand. My father, who knew many of the learned Jews in London, and had little expectation of their conversion to the orthodoxy literally maintained



fifty years ago, was at once interested in this poor Jewish soldier, and believed he might become an instrument for teaching Gospel truth, as Jesus Christ had taught it, to his own people. So he translated some of the enthusiast's writings, which were in a kind of polyglot of French, Italian, and Hebrew, into English, adding what few sentences he thought were needed to make them intelligible. But these met no approval from those to whom they were addressed, and the missionary or messenger was again turned out of the Synagogue. This was not wonderful, for I believe he illustrated his preaching by describing a vision, in which he said he had seen 'le Seigneur dans le soleil,' on which occasion the Second Coming was announced, and that he (the seer) was charged with the message of declaring its approach. Moreover, he strengthened his credential by saying that 'Elias must first come,' and 'Moi, je suis Elie'; for by a lucky coincidence his name was Abraham Elias. This all startled my father, who, though an enthusiast in his own way, did not understand what appeared to him wild, and, moreover, found it very hard to follow the rapid, figurative language in which all these novel ideas were uttered. The visionary had been a

pioneer in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. 'Ainsi,' he said, 'je le suis encore,' meaning that he held the place of pioneer in the new dispensation. Though after he had delivered his message he borrowed money which was never repaid, I believe he was quite sincere. Since that time I have read Swedenborg with some comprehension, though not with a *literal* belief, and have a clearer idea than I had then of the meaning of visions of 'the Lord in the Sun,' and even of the possibility of the poor Jew being one of the many announcers of that Advent, of which the signs are apparent to those who know where to look for them.

Among other interesting matters connected with his adventurous life, we learned from this man the meaning of *tsitzith*, the word translated *fringes* in the Testament. They were worn by him on the end of the red scarf which passed round the waist and over the shoulder, and consisted of a fringe of worsted or silk, each thread knotted, and divided at intervals by longer ends, each containing a large knot. The whole series indicated prayers, meditations, or fragments of the Law, to be repeated in regular order. These were evidently one of the oldest forms of the

Rosary. They may be found with variations in several parts of the East.\*

The 'Reverend' whom I have mentioned as a light and leader among Unitarians was, of course, held to be an infallible authority on every question by the ladies of his congregation. In a tea-drinking party of these at which I was present, he was very witty at my father's expense in reference to the above-named man, of whose adventures some notice had reached him. As a climax he grandly uttered the sentiment, looking at me meanwhile :

'If there is a queer fish in the world, he will find his way to Frend's house.'

Thus challenged, I had but one answer :

'Pardon me, Mr. —, I do not remember our having had the pleasure of seeing you there.'

The audience was aghast, the oracle 'put out,' and the speaker, frightened at her own temerity, wished herself anywhere away from the offended majesty of the chapel.

The following must go for what it is worth. I could tell more striking experiences, but this

\* I cannot help thinking, though the idea is vague, that all such religious representations embody the process of redemption, like the stations of the cross.

strongly impressed me, and it will introduce another of those 'queer fishes' who were said by this authority to congregate under my father's roof like martins in summer-time.

Close to one side of our house, which on the other three stood in its own grounds, was the house of a retired Jewish merchant. From his name he must have been of Spanish descent. His generosity was unbounded, and as he was rich, he was once made overseer or guardian of the poor.\* But as he gave money to every applicant without any distinction as to industry or other grounds of claim, he soon brought down the wrath of the vestry, who stopped his lavish allowances. Then he gave from his own purse, and at the end of his year of office found himself very much poorer than he was at the beginning. He read and thought a great deal; his reading was chiefly French philosophy—the philosophy of Voltaire, Volney, and all the Encyclopædists; his thinking was of the rambling, inaccurate, but kindly sort that might have been expected from a kind-hearted, self-educated man whose mind was fed on such diet. Of course, like his teachers, he

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\* The parish arrangements are not the same now as they were sixty years ago.

was as credulous in his unbelief as he was afraid of superstition. He came to my father with the most wonderful and impossible astronomical and historical stories drawn from his favourite writers, and the patience of one in refuting, and of the other in listening to the refutations of these mixtures of truth and error, was admirable. Mr. L——'s veneration for his neighbour was great, and he would have liked to share some of the strong beliefs now for the first time presented to his mind in reasonable form. He was naturally a gainer by our vicinity, and enjoyed the society of the 'Jews, Turks, heretics, and infidels' who visited us.

One evening when he, with one or two other friends, had been holding a discussion on 'Life, Death, and another world,' I said a few words expressing my hope, contrary to that of the other speakers, that the latter was not all a dream. As he left us he said: 'Good-night, my dear Sophy. When I go I will come and tell you all about it.' The next day we heard that he was seriously ill, and after lingering two or three weeks he died.

My room, a large old wainscoted one, was entered by a step of worm-eaten wood at the door. The windows were brushed by the branches

of a tall elm, and in one corner was a very large skylighted closet giving out on the roof, from which tradition said Defoe used to escape from his political pursuers and get out on the top of the next house, which partly adjoined ours on that side. On lying down the night after the death occurred, I do not remember feeling any unusual nervousness or any expectation of being kept awake, and I am quite sure that at that time the promise of 'coming to tell me all about it' was not in my thoughts, though it was afterwards remembered ; but just as I was going to sleep I was roused by what I cannot call a noise, it was so weird, eerie, and indefinite. The curtains fluttered, or seemed to do so ; there was a sort of breathing all round the bed ; the old wardrobe creaked, and I, unable to sleep, was conscious of a 'presence' on one side of the bed. This lasted until the morning dawned, and with the light came, not absence of fear, for I was not frightened, but complete tranquillity of nerves. On lying down each night for more than a week the same sensations were experienced. I did not really believe the imaginary 'presence,' to be that of the departed person, for there was no feeling of individuality about it ; but the want of sleep made

me so ill and unable to exert myself that I begged for, and obtained, another room. This will not be interpreted as meaning anything but the effect of fancy upon sensitive nerves. It may have been so, but in that case 'nervous fancies' form an element which ought not to be overlooked in school or family arrangements.

## CHAPTER IV.

The first Sunday-school—The Birkbeck Institute—Jewish Free School—University College, etc.—William Allen—Mary Lister—Last days at Stoke Newington—Thomas Campbell—Hastings—Lady Noel Byron and Co-operation—Social Reformers—Robert Owen and his School.

DURING the last years of our stay at Stoke Newington my father's health had been very infirm, and he was unable to give any help except by small contributions of money to any of the schools or other good works going on around us. He had, when a clergyman, formed one of the first Sunday-schools then established in his church at Madingley, near Cambridge. In this he had the warm support and assistance of Miss Cotton, Sir John Cotton's daughter, and great must have been the sorrow and trial to both when he felt bound to leave the Church.\* I

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\* The following letter from my grandfather to Lady Noel Byron gives an account of the formation of this



remember when I was very young his co-operation with Dr. George Birkbeck in founding the Mechanics' Institute in Southampton Buildings, and his name is, I believe, one of the list of founders and benefactors buried under the Jewish Free School in the City. His last effort was towards the establishment of University College, then called the University of London,\* and in the beginning of this he was joined by Thomas Campbell the poet (of whom I have more to tell further on) and by Lord Brougham.

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first Sunday-school. The little girl referred to in the early part of the letter is the writer of the reminiscences.—ED.

‘ *The Rock*,  
‘ 1818.

‘ MY DEAR LADY,

‘ I am glad to hear so good an account of yourself and your little one. As to the latter, do not be in any hurry about her. My eldest little girl gave alarming symptoms of being a prodigy, but I so effectually counteracted them that her mother began in her turn to be alarmed when she was between six and seven years old, lest she should be very backward in her learning. She is now between nine and ten, and fre-

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\* Many details of the first formation of University College are given in the memoir of Augustus De Morgan, one of the first professors.

Among those with whom my father would most gladly have co-operated in all philanthropic and educational works, if doctrinal matters, which at that time formed either a help or a hindrance to good and useful work, had not been generally in question, was William Allen, the Quaker chemist and philanthropist. His activity in the long struggle for the abolition of negro slavery is well known, and he took a prominent part in other benevolent works. The Friends had then, and I believe have still, a meeting-house and a colony in Stoke Newington. They were actively

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quently puzzles me with words which I am to make out with the ivory letters which have been and are a source of amusement to us all. It is by these letters that they have all learnt in turn, and the youngest now makes a small sentence with them from her book when she has a morning lesson, which is not every day. No spelling-book has been used, and I abominate the system of daily tasks, and getting so many words to spell by heart. And as to a grammar, they will never learn one, nor be troubled with the false notions it in general contains. My eldest has, I believe, found one among my books, and I leave her to read it or not as she likes ; but I have no doubt that when she reads it for herself some three or four years hence she will feel none of the disgust at it which most young people do to whom it has been made an irksome task.

philanthropic and charitable, and were joined in their many excellent works by the Evangelicals. When I was young those few Unitarians who would gladly have worked with these good people were often withheld from doing so, partly by the fear generally entertained of their negative belief, which was held to be a denial of vital and essential truth, and partly by their own readiness to take alarm at the well-defined literalism of the orthodox creeds.

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‘I do the same with the Hebrew as with the English, telling my child the words she does not understand as they occur, and the frequent repetition of them impresses them upon her memory. The great fault in our schools is inattention to nature. Languages are made first, and are to be learned first; the grammar follows afterwards. Young children are better grammarians than their teachers, and I never correct mine when they speak correctly, as, for example, when they say *gooses* for *geese*, *standed* for *stood*. They will learn soon enough the corruptions of language made by the learned, the fashionable, and the inattentive.

‘I am not surprised at your design of establishing a village school, and you are perfectly right in supposing me to acquiesce in the principle of giving instruction to the poor. It was very early in my thoughts, and I have printed and disposed of many thousand little books or papers on this subject, beginning with little

However, nobody was afraid of me, and I was kindly permitted to help in a few interesting charities, one of which was the invalid asylum for young women, formed by Mary Lister, the aunt of the physiologist, one of the most indefatigable workers among the poor I have ever met with. My father said she was the most determined beggar he ever saw, and so she was ; but the fruits of her begging were blessings to many who had no one to help them, and who would probably have been lost without her.

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alphabets, and so on. This was in consequence of the establishment of Sunday-schools, in which about thirty years ago I was zealously engaged with some members of the University. My experience in them may encourage you in your undertaking. I formed a school of this kind in a parish,\* which supplied, I think, between thirty and forty children, and my help-mate in the business was Miss Cotton, the eldest daughter of Sir John Cotton, who is, I believe, alive at Bath. The children on their first entering the school were as ignorant as you could well conceive them to be. The best of them could scarcely read a sentence. However, we made a class of the best, and soon brought them to read a chapter in the Testament much better than most of the clergy ; for the rest, we distributed them in classes, and after teaching them their letters, they were

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\* Madingley, near Cambridge, of which Wm. Frend was rector.

While working with Mary Lister I made acquaintance with William Allen, who kindly allowed me to attend the lectures on chemistry which he gave, with experiments, to a class of young girls. From him I learned the meaning and importance of Dalton's discovery. The atomic theory, then beginning to be understood, was the first step in the raising of chemistry to the rank of a science. Mr. Allen's quick perception of facts was greater than his power of following out extensive inferences. He was a

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for a short time kept in short sentences, and then introduced to Watts's hymns for children. First they got a stanza, and then a whole hymn; and miserable and wretched hand as I was at music, with a hand-organ on which I had some psalm tunes, and my miserable flute, and the still less knowledge of the blacksmith, our children in no great length of time became such adepts in singing, that not only their parents came early to church and stayed after the service to hear them, but people came from the adjoining parishes to witness their improvement. The parish church had pews on each side, and between them was sufficient space for the boys to sit on one form, and the girls on the opposite, and there was space between for three or four persons to walk abreast. The psalmody at the church was wretched before the institution of the Sunday-school, being confined almost entirely to

good observer and classifier, but stopped at facts and phenomena. In philanthropy the same ready perception and hastiness of inference were apparent. His exceeding benevolence and strong impulse to help the suffering led him occasionally into exaggeration of the evils he opposed ; but all good causes need pioneers who overdo their work at first. Without such the work would not be done.

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the clerk, assisted occasionally by the baronet ; but so wretched work they made of it, that scarcely anyone was induced to join them. But the face of things was altered entirely by the children, who made this part of the clerk's business a sinecure. They came to church at eleven, and in the interval between their arrival and the beginning of the service they sang some of Watts's hymns, and this they did at the conclusion of the service. There was no fear of absence in any of them, for not one could be persuaded to keep away but for some very urgent reason.

'I used to get to the school at nine o'clock in the morning ; Miss Cotton came, I think, at ten. In the afternoon Miss C. went at four, and I went at five, and the school broke up at six. The children came with the utmost cheerfulness, as you may judge from this circumstance : Our cleverest girl, from her over-spriteness, broke in upon the discipline of the school, and her punishment was to stay away. Of course she did not appear at her usual place at church the next

It was a sorrow to me in many ways when we left our old house at Stoke Newington.\* Every blossoming tree—and there were many of rare beauty—had been a friend and companion ; but the greatest grief of all was to bid farewell to the large spreading oak in the field, for it had a seat among the branches, which was reached by a little ladder set against the trunk. I used to climb this on fine mornings, and had read a very miscellaneous collection of books in the oak : Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, books on natural philosophy and chemistry, and, better than all, meta-

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Sunday, but we were obliged to take her in the Sunday after, as she was in danger of crying herself to death. We used in our school the common little books for reading, and some little books of the history of the Bible, with questions at the end of each lesson, which I made for this purpose ; and the upper classes always read some portions of the Bible or Testament, on which they were questioned in succession, answers not being put into their mouths ; but they were encouraged to think of what they read.'

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\* The following letter from the Duke of Wellington, apparently in answer to an application for more police protection for Stoke Newington, shows how great is the contrast between that neighbourhood then and now.—ED.

physical works, such as Thomas Browne's *Essays* and Cousin's *Histoire de la Philosophie*. It was far from being a systematic course of intellectual training, but I suppose the beautiful sunrises which I sometimes watched threw a light over it, for a good deal is still remembered.

During an autumn spent at Hastings before our final transplantation into 'the smoke,' we made the acquaintance of Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, a poem which does not bear so fully the impress of rich poetical feeling as did some of his short fugitive verses,

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'CHELTENHAM,

'August 30, 1828.

'The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Frend, and has received his letter of the 28th instant.

'The state of the police in London and in its neighbourhood has recently been the subject of inquiry by a Committee of the House of Commons, and the Government have now the subject under their consideration; but, of course, the remedy cannot be applied immediately.

'The Duke begs leave to recommend to Mr. Frend that he should write or speak to Sir R. Birme respecting the state of the police at Stoke Newington.

'It might probably be expedient that the inhabitants should associate for the purpose of protecting the



several of which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he was the editor, and many of which were never published at all.

In company with him and with Mrs. Pond, the wife of the then Astronomer Royal, I had some delightful walks in what was then a beautiful rural neighbourhood—very different from what it is now. Hastings fifty years ago was a primitive little fishing town, having a bright sea on the south and steep rocky cliffs to the north and east. Wellington Square and Pelham Crescent were just built, and St. Leonards, a mile and a half distant, contained some houses. The Castle Hill, with its fine ruin, was a steep rugged rock, covered here and there with mossy turf, and rising close behind black wooden houses and fishermen's cottages; and the steep East Cliff over the Fish Market, and the White Rock, with

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property of each against thieves, either by their own personal exertions or by subscriptions to hire watchmen and constables.

‘The Duke would beg leave to observe to Mr. Frend that, inasmuch as the inhabitants of Stoke Newington enjoy the advantage of being near the Metropolis, they cannot expect at once to enjoy the advantages of a town one hundred miles distant, viz., the comparative absence of thieves.’

its coastguard station on the west, bounded the little town, and all around it were open fields, sweet wooded lanes, and breezy downs.\*

One day Mr. Campbell walked with me over the hills to Ore, turning to get many a view of the sea, which was, as he had described it,

‘Streaked like the rainbow or the ringdove’s neck,’

and in going over the Camp Hill, behind the castle, he repeated some lines which he said had

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\* The following correspondence between my grandfather and father gives some account of Hastings at this time.—ED.

*From William Frend to A. De Morgan.*

‘HASTINGS.

‘DEAR SIR,

‘We all arrived safe at this place, and after a pleasant journey, and the first party, sleeping at the inn, were ready the next morning to find a proper house, which we did to the satisfaction of all parties. This we changed yesterday for one said not to be so good, and only two doors higher; but we have room enough, and the dining-room is only one floor above the kitchen, whereas in the other house there was a floor between these sisterly apartments. We have a look-out from the drawing-room east and west, the eastern prospect being bounded by the remains of an antique castle, the western by sea and pleasant hills;

'come into his head' the day before. I do not think they were ever published :

- 'In the deep blue of eve,  
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,  
Or the lark took his leave  
Of the skies and the bright setting sun,
- 'I stood on the heights  
Where the Norman encamped him of old,  
With his barons and knights,  
And their banners all brodered with gold.
- 'Soon the ramparted ground  
With a vision my fancy inspires,  
And I hear the trump sound  
As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.
- 'By the conqueror's side  
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,  
In pavilion wide,  
As they chaunted the deed of Roland.
- 'Over hauberk and helm,  
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,  
They looked over a realm,  
And the morrow beheld it their own !'

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and in going out of the windows on the veranda, we have, sitting or standing, good sea-views on one side, bounded by Beachy Head. As I am fond of extended space, I am suited to a T. But this will not hinder me from being well satisfied by a similar prospect to yours, bounded by the houses on the opposite side of the street. We have had capital weather till within these two or three days, but it kept us in only one day.

Another of our walks was through the fields to Hollington Church, a small ancient edifice, then unrestored, standing in the middle of a wood. As people do in churchyards, we criticised the

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Three of our party have had one equestrian exercise, and Sophia is now with a party on horseback somewhere or other in the environs.

‘We have great works going forward in the near neighbourhood, by which the sea will be prevented from encroachments, and a beautiful wall will be formed connecting the two towns, Hastings and St. Leonards. Half-way upon the upland a capital establishment is forming by the Catholics. It is said to be intended for a college, but nothing is now to be seen but part of the boundary walls. I am going presently to see what progress has been made since I was there ten days ago. Between fifteen and sixteen acres are to be enclosed, and the establishment will be of great advantage to both towns, as it will bring, probably, a number of Catholic families to reside in them; but what effect it will have on their Protestantism time will show. The mother and daughter are so much alike that it is of little consequence which has most admirers.

‘I have visited and subscribed to a mechanics’ institution. It is in its infancy, and having seen only two of its members, I can form no idea how far they are likely to succeed. They have also a reading-room for the more select inhabitants, which is about the size

epitaphs, many of which, on the graves of poor sailors and fishermen, were of strong imagery and pious meaning. Mr. Campbell repeated an epitaph which he with Sir Walter Scott had found in an old Scottish kirkyard, and which they both

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of your study, but not so well filled with books; but they have some good specimens of minerals and insects. But what pleases me the most is the liberality of a gentleman in the town, who allows the members the use of his library, and its catalogue lies upon the table. I am about to avail myself of it. The example set by the possessor of the library may be of use, and I hope the time is not far distant when the cathedral libraries may be made useful to the inhabitants of their towns and neighbourhood. As it is, the books sleep as quietly in their cells as the prebendaries in their stalls.

‘On the King’s birthday I was at St. Leonards, and heard the salute on the occasion from a vessel in the offing, which afforded me an object on my way back. Little did I or the men on board think of what was soon to take place, for we had the news earlier than you that it was soon after run down by a King’s frigate while lying at anchor and the sun shining upon it. I find by the papers that a noble lord commanded the frigate, and that he is under arrest; but why, when he had performed the gallant exploit, he did not go on his voyage to Portsmouth it does not appear, so that the story of the arrest appears to be doubtful. There must, however, be an inquiry into the circumstances of

thought one of the finest they had ever met with :

‘Earth walked on earth, glittering in gold,  
Earth went to earth sooner than wolde,  
Earth built on earth temples and towers,  
Earth said to earth, “ All shall be ours ! ” ’

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the case, which to the sailors here appear unaccountable. As the captain is a lord, he may get out of the scrape. . . . Let me know how you are, and how you enjoy your solitude there, having little more than a million and a quarter of human beings within a walk of you, and believe me ever yours,

‘ Very sincerely,

‘ WILLIAM FRENCH.’

‘ WELLINGTON SQUARE, HASTINGS,

‘ 1835.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ Here I am in the same house that I occupied last year, sitting in the drawing-room, which has three stories above and three below it. Before me is an ancient ruined castle, and from the windows at my back I have been contemplating the carrying away of corn from a lately reaped field. The grass plat in the square is as brown as an old coalheaver’s hat, and the clouds above which now cover the hemisphere do not seem likely to let a drop fall to renew the verdure. But we have no burning fields as you have near town, though the ground is dry enough to catch fire when the comet involves us in its fiery tail, that would take,

He wrote this for me in the book already mentioned, and with it his own epitaph made on the spot, and thus suggested. With reference to the graveyard, or 'God's acre,' we talked of consecration, of religious rites, of religion in its constant

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according to Lord Brougham, a thousand years in cooling.

'This place has undergone a very great change since I first visited it. Then it was under the dominion of a smuggler's son, who by one illicit trade got as much, or more, money than his father by another. The son's traffic was in Members of Parliament, and he was perpetual Mayor, the corporation of freemen consisting of seventeen persons. The Reform Bill has destroyed their influence entirely, and the day after my arrival I saw bills posted about the town announcing a meeting of the inhabitants called by the Mayor to consider the measures to be taken in consequence of the opposition of the House of Lords to the Municipal Corporation Bill. I at once determined to be a spectator, but about two hours before the meeting took place one of the requisitionists called on me and requested me to propose one of the resolutions. To this I at once gave my assent, and, accompanied by three of his colleagues, entered the town-hall about six in the evening. The Mayor was seated on his throne, two maces with their guardian sergeants in their usual places to the right and left of him, and we took our seats on the bench at a due distance from this exalted personage.

connection with the departed, and of one of its earliest forms—the worship of ancestors. Mr. Campbell's idea of religion seemed to me noble and beautiful, but vague. He was perplexed, like many others, by the mystery of evil and

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The hall very soon filled. It is a very pretty one, and the Mayor opened the business of the meeting with a very appropriate speech. He is a physician. The petition, resolutions and a letter to Lord Melbourne were proposed and seconded in due order, and all passed unanimously. The Mayor signed the letter to Lord Melbourne, which was sent by the next morning's coach, and the petition duly signed by the inhabitants followed in the evening. There was no mincing of the matter either in the speeches or what followed them, and if the rest of England resembles the community here, the Lords may do what they please with the Bill, but they cannot delay it beyond this session. I was told afterwards by a lady that none of the élite of the place were there. Of this I could be no judge, but I happened to know one man in the crowd, and him she acknowledged to be one of the most respectable tradesmen in the town. But I take it she was right in the main. The aristocracy was assuredly not with us—that is, about a dozen or score men whose purses, not very heavy, are heavier than their neighbours'. It was, however, a meeting legally called and legally held, and most assuredly conveyed the sentiments of a very great majority of the inhabitants.



suffering, and very doubtful of the reality of another life. Speaking of the state of those we had lost, he said—as the Positivists now hold—their spirits lived in their works, and that we must think of them only as still existing in the

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‘America is not the only place for houses to take journeys, for the other day I saw a respectable mansion with a slate roof in its progress from the west to the east side of the town. It belonged to one of the squatters on a piece of ground belonging to Government, which has given orders for the whole to be cleared away by Christmas. One man had a coach manufactory upon it, which he has removed to a place on the other side of the road, and erected a mansion for the purpose, which may vie with some of the respectable ones in London. His carriages are conveyed by a very simple and easy process to the third story, and, by the way, it would not be amiss to adopt it for saving people the trouble of climbing or descending the hills about us. When the space is cleared off, it is to be covered, I understand, by houses of the best description, so as to be a very great ornament to the town.

‘The foundations of the Catholic cottage or convent are not yet dug, but the stone walls around the premises are nearly finished. They will enclose about sixteen acres. Is Sir I. Newton’s prophecy about to be accomplished by the return of this country to its ancient faith? A native here has set up a penny paper,

good done to others. I repeated a few lines of his own beautiful poem, 'Hallowed Ground':

'What's hallowed ground? Hath earth a sod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
     Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by superstition's rod  
     To bow the knee?'

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and exhorts the people not to turn their faces to the Communion-table when they repeat the Creed; he will not find many converts, I trow, to his notions. What will become of the Church if this should be given up?

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'I presume that the memoir of Flamsteed is out by this time. If it is, may I beg of you to take charge of my copy, and let the people of my house have it, that they may send it to me here with whatever letters or papers they may have? but, at any rate, do not let them delay above a day or two in sending it. You are too great a philosopher to trouble yourself about the Lords, but I have my curiosity on float to see how this Bill comes out of their hands. Lord Lyndhurst takes the lead, I perceive, and he has had a rub on his former opinions, or, rather, supposed former opinions. But the matter of our body changes in twenty years, and can its companion, the soul, remain in the same state? I hope you have read Lord Brougham and thoroughly digested him. I have read him through, and am much amused by much in it. The display of learning is considerable, but I am not caught by it.

This answered the first question about consecrating graveyards. For the next, on another life, I went on :

‘ But strew his ashes to the wind,  
Whose sword or voice hath served mankind,  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high ?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die !’

‘ Let me know how you are, and what you are about. Mrs. F. is this moment come in with a parapluie over her head, there being about a drop to a square foot.

‘ Ever yours very sincerely,

‘ W. FRIEND.’

‘ HASTINGS,

‘ 1835.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ I have been boiling for a quarter of an hour in a warm bath heat by Fahr. 98, and in meditating on the effects of this sort of ablution, the following problem forced itself upon me : A person resident in London for nine months in the smokiest part of the city deposits his body for a quarter of an hour in the sea-baths. Query : How many baths will it require to bring his skin to the proper colour, *i.e.*, to the colour it had before he came to town ? And, again, supposing London not to receive any inhabitants from the country—query in how many generations would the people become niggers ? I leave the solution to your sagacity, in which you may have some assistance from prudent housekeepers in the country, who, when a box

‘I owe you one,’ he said; and forthwith it ‘came into his head’ to write his own epitaph in my book.

It shows the readiness with which he fell into

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of linen comes from town, empty its contents on the grass plot, keeping to windward during the operation.

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‘We had a delightful day yesterday, and regretted that you were not with us to enjoy it; it would have suited you to a T. Two barouches set off from my door about noon, which conveyed us between nine and ten miles from this place to a town distinguished by aiding the Government of this country by its two members, and by its corporation and commonalty, consisting of about a dozen persons. The chief thing we went to see was some ruins in the grounds of a private gentleman, and when we got half-way it was recollected by one of the party that they were to be seen only on Mondays; consequently, when we came to the spot, it being Tuesday, we were reminded of that element in our day’s work, and got no further than the porter’s lodge. However, we did what we could, saw the church, for which I gave the woman a shilling, exhorting her not to bestow a farthing of it on the church missionaries, who are playing up their tricks in this poor desolate place, famed, however, for being the last place at which John Wesley preached in the open air. I did not, however, bring away with me a bough of the ash-tree under which he preached, for which I am now very sorry, as it would have been a proper ornament for your study, over the fireplace. I found there some

the usual snare offered by my name to kind, punning poets, and is a small specimen of the sort of flourish then held to be the fitting way of

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agreeable companions. The first I saluted was before the prison, of which he gave me a good account, and I could depend on its accuracy, as he had been confined in it for nine months—a hint for travellers to take care what authority they have for the accounts in their memoirs. The second was a shoemaker, whose father had been sent from the county of Durham to be a free-man here and look after the interests of the borough. The third was a miller, who was in high spirits at their having got rid of their members, and at the hopes of being soon rid of the Corporation—two as great curses as could well befall a town—and to these alone he attributed its present desolation.

‘During my conversation with this latter wight the carriages were getting ready (*alias* being got ready—choose which you will, I am for the old Mumpsimus). And now came on a scene in which we regretted more than ever that you were not with us, for though you would have been delighted with our journey to the place, and walks about and conversation in it, yet the return would have raised you to the third heaven. Some few drops greeted us on setting off, but before we were a mile from the place they came down just as you would have them; so it continued till we were safely housed again. Lament your loss, and no longer expatiate on your town delights. Two or three days ago there was a party of pleasure out at sea. The sun shone gloriously over them, the boat capsized, and

addressing young women. A blank is left for his name :

‘ EPITAPH ON ———.

‘ Here ——— lies, on earth above,  
From life’s beginning to its end,  
Who seldom tasted friendly love,  
And saw too late one lovely Friend.’

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their jackets were well soaked before a fishing-boat could get to them. They were half-seas over before this agreeable adventure took place, so that there was a pleasing contest between the wine within and the water without. The news of this day is of a piece of rock falling on a man, which only broke one or two of his ribs and his thigh, and four toes were taken off by the surgeons. Last week a large piece of rock fell on a house, going through the roof to the bottom, and carrying everything before it. Luckily, the children were all up and out of the way, but the mother was terribly bruised. The fall of this rock had been foreseen, but the Lady of the Manor would not consent to its being touched as it was so picturesque; but she is a kind of good-hearted lady, and has given her consent to the owner of the house to take down, at his own expense, what threatened a farther catastrophe. What benevolence there is in the world !

‘ They are looking forward for the races—not I, I can assure you, though, if they had been ass-races, I might perhaps have been tempted to look at them.

‘ As you have not read Lord Brougham, it is not likely that you have examined the two words to him by a Mr. Jobert. I found in them five, however, worth

I did not see the poet after we settled in Upper Bedford Place. He had some years before been a friend of Lady Noel Byron's, and spoke of

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noting. "Theology is not science." There is some truth in this, and I am not astonished at the philosophers who, looking on it in that light, run into so many vagaries. The Bible begins with a truism, which a blade of grass proves to us as well as the *Mécanique Celeste*, or, I might say, much better, as the commonest man may understand the former. The proceedings of the Being who created all things are the subjects of Bible history, not matters of syllogistic reasoning. Everything proceeds in the world as it had before been foretold, and the events of the past, present, and the future times bear testimony to the truths of revelation. Mr. J. quotes Helvetius and other learned wights of the same description, Voltaire, etc., of whom I have lately had much conversation with a young foreigner, who has now the opportunity of digesting their doctrines at his leisure in the gaol of Dover Castle.

'Many more things I might expatiate on, but the paper will not allow it, and, besides, are they not written in the letters of S. to her numerous correspondents?—of which, if she has kept copies, she will doubtless favour you with the perusal.'

*From A. De Morgan to William Frend.*

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I hope that by this time you have received Flamsteed and other things that I directed to be sent

her to me with a regard amounting to reverence. In this, of course, I sympathized. But when I saw her next, and spoke of him, she regretted

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to you. I hope that this will comfort you in your exile, which I nothing doubt you bear with resignation not unmixed with hope. I have been reading it pretty diligently, and am much amused with it. The part which struck me as most conclusive against Newton was the letter to the Lord Something in p. 318. In calling the money paid to Flamsteed a gratuity, I hold it impossible to believe otherwise than that Newton put his name to that which he knew to be false; for there is sufficient in the previous part to prove that he, Newton, was aware, and admitted, that Flamsteed had expended money upon account of preparing for press. A great deal of the rest may be matter of opinion, but this is evidence fit for a jury. The whole is one more instance that, though a Tory Administration may make excellent rascals according to conventional rules of their own, yet for thorough and undeviating contempt of all rule whatever, there is nothing like a Whig.

‘Mr. Baily admits that his house was haunted, and that strange sounds have been heard in the room where Flamsteed’s MSS. are deposited. He is afraid of a rap from the tail of Halley’s comet, which may bear malice; but, luckily for him, the comet has come without a tail. I should recommend him to make libations of brandy to the ghost, as Fl. says that Halley was fond of it. I have got glorious bills from



that their friendship had come to an end, for she had had much esteem for him. But after Moore's

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the printer for our Society, but as a set-off a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of our memoirs have been sold to the public (not to members) while our volume ix. has been printing. Dollond tells me that there is a very great demand for telescopes, owing, he supposes, to the comet.

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'Mr. Phillott called this morning with your letter of Thursday. I observe all your friends have been in gaol, by your own account. Now, if I, who will stay in town when all the people with free will quit it, were driven to the Rules of the Bench for society, it would not be so wonderful; but that you should be driven down to Hastings and find no better company is altogether surprising.

'When I was at Paris I made acquaintance with a little German named Sturm. He was a very good mathematician, and was known to all the members of the Institute as such; but nothing could be done for him, as I heard admitted with sorrow at the table of the Minister of Public Instruction, because he was not a Frenchman. This little man has found a very simple method of determining for any equation how many roots it will have in your way of speaking, and how many positive, how many negative, how many impossible roots it will have in the way of speaking of the rest of the world.

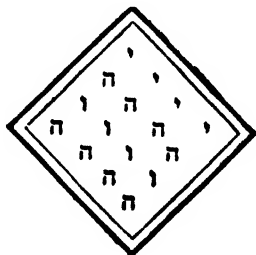
'Baily has come to town again between the partridge

publication of the life of Byron, and during the paper war which followed it, Mr. Campbell, who

and the pheasant shooting. His house is all of a heap, tables and chairs riding about upon each other's backs. He has got one room without a carpet to sit in. He is in an awful state, as people always will be who do not let things alone. The idea of a bachelor new-papering his house—*mais c'est affreux !* For myself, I have taken to reading Cornelius Agrippa, seeing that, being alone in the house, I ought to know how to exorcise a ghost. I mean to make myself a shield, which I have found in Agrippa with a device thus :



which I doubt not will drive away demons ; if not, I mean to double its efficacy in this fashion :



There are a number of infernal spirits who haunt the streets with diabolical machines, out of which they

felt warmly the injustice of Moore's remarks and conclusions, published a letter written to him by

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grind uncouth music. If hanging the above as a hatchment would drive them off, I would do it.

'Here is a problem in dynamics: My next-door neighbour has a parrot, a great brute, who screams all day long, and will let nobody talk but himself. Now, he has lately married. Required to know how long will the lady stand that? I shall be obliged to determine it theoretically, for I have no timepiece on which I can depend for measuring very small intervals. I think that Baily and Sheepshanks would make a capital committee to determine and report on the result. Dr. Lee should be counsel for the lady, and Sir J—— S——th for the parrot; Miss Harriet Frennd crier of the court.

'Stratford is still laid up at Ramsgate with the gout. Whenever men get into office and become dons the gout follows, of course. I rather hope it will do him good, but it is trying medicine. Mr. Phillott tells me that you do not intend to return till the middle of October. I really begin to believe you like the country, I never saw London so completely empty as at the present writing; people go away who never went away before. If everybody goes away next year, they must let me carry on the Government; and if they find a House of Lords and a church when they come back, they will find more than I intend they shall find! I am not quite sure that I shall not abolish the monarchy. I shall certainly reduce the civil list, and build a

Lady Byron in strict confidence. It was a well-meant advocacy, but it made him a dangerous

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whipping-post, with an inscription purporting that it is for those members of the House of Commons who shall utter any distinction between public and private character, or utter anything at all for more than three-quarters of an hour at a time. I hope they would like it, but I am not sure.

‘Your house has been painted outside, I think, by the look of it. I detest all painting, plastering, papering, and putting to rights of every sort and description whatever, except only with regard to books. My mother always is wanting to have my room turned upside down under pretence of cleaning and dusting, but, unless when I am in the country, I never hear of such a scheme. Ladies have an intense love of not letting things be as they are, which doubtless answers some wise purpose, but what it is I have not the most remote conception.

‘My mother is returned from Brighton, tired of the country, by her own report, after twenty-four hours. She has been there a week, so that my dislike of the vegetable world is a right of inheritance. I am now going to close up this letter and set to to finish a rascally business about functions. In the meanwhile I give you this theorem to prove: “A discontinuous function of a discontinuous function may be a continuous function.” With kind regards to all your party,

‘I remain yours sincerely,

‘A. DE MORGAN.’

champion for one in her circumstances. It appeared in an article written by him in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he was editor. I

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‘September, 1835.

‘You have got your copy of Flamsteed in time. The Admiralty have sent to Mr. Baily, begging to have his lists again, to *revise* them. They say they have had applications from foreign Governments, and have no copies for them. This cannot be true, but I make no doubt the fact is that they have been bullied by some person or other for printing a work at the public expense and distributing it all in presents. It was always my opinion that some ought to have been for sale. However, the presentation was the act of the Lords themselves ; but in the meanwhile one hundred copies are lying at our rooms for different people. Baily went down to-day to confer with Lord Auckland, and I make no doubt he will set the matter right. He has Captain Beaufort’s letter, informing him that the Lords, etc., approve of his lists. The copies aforesaid are in my custody at the rooms, being received there as the property of certain individuals named or specified. Without an order of the Council, I don’t think I will give them up until it is settled whose property they are. The law is that a letter becomes the property of the person whose address it bears from the moment when it drops into the letter-box. If it shall be judged that the cases are analogous, they shall not have them from me (without the interference of the Council afore-

was told by the friend who remonstrated with him on this breach of confidence that he cried

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said), if they send a squadron for them. But I cannot help thinking they are not aware how specific were the directions from themselves under which Baily acted. They would exceedingly disgust a great many people if they were to alter the destination of the actual edition. They had much better print another. I fancy Baily is not a little annoyed about it. N.B.—He was made a Doctor at Dublin. I directed his diploma to him to-day, which was sent to our rooms. I think you can remember when a retired stockbroker would as soon have been an Archangel as a Doctor in one of our orthodoxy shops, if he had been Newton three times over. This is no bad sign of the times.

*'Monday, September 21.*

'I called on the Doctor yesterday. He had an amusing interview with Sir John Barrow, who was very much puzzled to know how many names got on the list. He asked who Gauss was, which shows his qualifications for making out a list of mathematicians. Finally they agreed to all and everything, so there is to be no dispute about the property of the copies. It was the last act of Lord Auckland's Administration, and he is going out to India immediately.

'Sheepshanks is gone wandering, he does not know where, to get rid of himself; Long is at Birmingham; Stratford is better, but still laid up.

'A. DE M.'

like a child, and became fully conscious of the error he had committed.

His friendship with Mrs. Joanna and Mrs. Agnes Baillie lasted, I believe, through his life. He spoke to me of his great value for the friendship of Professor and Mrs. Dugald Stewart, who were, he said, the happiest couple he knew, though the husband was twice as old as the wife.\*

When, soon after the time I last wrote of,

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\* During the summer of 1836 my mother and her family, before settling in Upper Bedford Place, passed some months at Clifton, and were present at the first meeting of the British Association held at Bristol. The subjoined correspondence gives some account of this period and of the meeting of the Association.—ED.

*From William Frend to A. De Morgan.*

‘CLIFTON,

‘July, 1836.

‘I have enough to interest me here. The float, with Brunel’s experiment for cleansing it. I am soon to go on board of it with Tate, who is in his office, and is now here to inspect the forming of an exalted bridge over the Avon. We are going this afternoon to the pictures of Mr. Ackermann, the only merchant, as I was told by a physician (with whom I casually entered into conversation by the roadside) in Bristol. This gentleman

we settled in London, we found ourselves among a little knot of philanthropists. Some were

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created in me a great desire to see his warehouses, and a day or two after I had not only that pleasure, but the additional one of being conducted over them by the owner. The quantity of tea in them is enormous, and he trades directly with China, of which, and his improvement in anchors, he gave me a full account. I have not yet been to see the collieries at Kingswood, but am meditating an excursion to them. The railroad to London is another object, and from my window I have a view of a flag on their intended western railroad; I see it with my glass, the others with the naked eye. Besides, we are to have a meeting here on a subject in which you take no interest, but I do a very great one; and last night I received a pamphlet from a person whom I casually met on a seat under a tree, which seems to be a place of nightly resort to him, so that I have a resource for a little chat; he has been a strenuous opposer of a Church rate, and his arguments are making way, not only here, but all over England.

‘ Could my late dear friend Morgan and the late Bishop of Winchester, Tomline, be brought to life, and they and myself be examined by a Committee of the two Houses, we should fill a good-sized folio volume of reports on the Church question, which would throw a new light upon it, of which, from seeing what occurred in the debate on Friday night, they seem to stand much in need. One orator was out in his statements about two hundred and fifty per cent. Thank your stars that I



political, some social reformers, and all were bent on discovering a panacea for the evils

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did not take up a sheet of long paper, or you would have had more of my twaddle to go through.'

*From William Frend to A. De Morgan.*

'CLIFTON,

'MY DEAR SIR,

'August, 1836.

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'The people of Bristol are busily employed in the preparation for the grand meeting. I have had occasional conversations with members of the local committee, and I have no doubt that everything will be done by it to give satisfaction. By the way, I hope and trust that Mr. Bailey will be here. I can assure him that, if he has not been at Bristol for some years, he will find abundant matter to engage him. Brunel's machine for cleaning the harbour, his magnificent idea of throwing an iron rod a hundred and fifty feet in length over the Avon, the other preparation for the suspension bridge, and last, not least, the observatory, will claim his attention. I speak not of several other things. The Bristolians are a different race from what they were fifty years ago. They have found out how much they have lost by their selfishness, and everything promises prosperity to the place. Pray do not wait for a parcel of letters, but let me know by post, as soon as you have seen Mr. Bailey, in what manner I can be of use to him. I shall be delighted to see him here.

which were developing so rapidly then, and have increased so fast since that time as to

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‘I was grieved at the history from the Euphrates. Lieutenant Murphy,\* I am glad to see, is alive, but I am afraid that he has lost his instrument. Is the pendulum safe?

‘Among the papers that came in your packet is a long list from the Statistical Society, of which I am an unworthy member. I will put them into the hands of some Bristolian, and if he makes good use of them, I shall thus be the means of contributing towards it. Babbage will, I presume, shine in this department. I do not know whether there is to be a mathematical section, but if there is, I am half inclined to give it a paper.

‘Notwithstanding the diatribes of Sir R. Peel and Sir J. Warrender, the present Government will, I hope, stand. The faults are natural enough, but should the other party kick them out, the triumph will be of short duration. What shall we think of those who opposed the emancipation of the Jews? You must give the Government credit for supporting that measure, and shall we be better off should Exeter Hall gain the ascendancy?

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\* Lieutenant H. F. Murphy, R.E., who accompanied Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney, R.A., as astronomer, on the Government Expedition for the Exploration of the Euphrates, which started in 1835.

The bad news referred to was the foundering of the *Tigris*, one of the two steamers employed in the expedition, with twenty hands.—ED.

puzzle the best thinkers and farthest seers of our generation. We had become interested while at

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‘I rejoice that you have so much delight in town, whilst I have so much here; but for these two days we have been enveloped in mist, which has extended to a great distance from this place, and probably you have had it; if so, pray tell me the cause of it, and believe me ever,

‘Yours very sincerely,  
‘W. FREND.’

*From William Frend to A. De Morgan.*

‘CLIFTON,  
‘September, 1836.

‘There were, my dear sir, in those days, videlicet, some five thousand years ago, giants in the earth, mighty men, men of renown; but, alas! there was not in those days an *Athenæum*, and their names are gone into oblivion. I have been into the society of giants, superior to the former, inasmuch as science is superior to brutal strength. The place of meeting was the chapter-house of a cathedral—think of that! I was there cheek by jowl with various personages for whom the Church of England charitably offers up its prayers one day in the year—Jews, Turks, heretics, and infidels. By the way, I did not see a Turk there, but I confess my being there filled my mind with awful reflections. To be in such an assembly and in such a place! Well might a preacher last Sunday at a church

Hastings in a co-operative association, one of the first formed in England. They had a store

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in Bristol exclaim against the profanation of so holy a structure. But even in Bristol this sentiment was by no means universal, for I heard of a man, a most bigoted Churchman and a desperate Tory, who so far got over his prepossessions as to go to the meetings of various sections, and before the end of the week so notable a change was effected in his mind that he confessed that there might be good and wise men, though they differed from him in religion and politics. Giants, however, will sometimes fail like inferior men. Of this we had an instance in the *ὁ παρὰ παν*. I was sitting in the row behind Babbage, about three above him, and had a complete view of his face when he rose to speak, and its contortions would have amazed a phrenologist or physiognomist. He got on very well, *i.e.*, with his usual hesitations, for a couple of minutes, whilst we were all attention to the oracle, when on a sudden he broke down; we encouraged him by the clapping of hands for a minute or two, but all in vain; his wits went a-woolgathering, and after divers twists of his face to collect them, down he sat, and I will defy you to act the part so well in any assembly.

‘But joking apart, I was very much gratified with all that I saw and heard, and making due allowance for the extravagant encomiums passed by the heroes on each other, I am persuaded that these meetings are very useful. Everything was well conducted in the

in George Street. The founders or managers, of whom Mr. Rickman Godlee, a large iron-mer-

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two chapter meetings, in which the business of the society was conducted, and considering that our last meeting occupied between four and five hours, this is saying a great deal. The place of the next meeting gave rise to an amusing debate, but at last the matter was settled by an overpowering majority for Liverpool. The choice of the next president took up much less time, but I did not understand the object of one speaker till I was out of the room. He proposed that the election should be by ballot, each person writing down a single name; but the snare did not take. Lord Burlington was elected by acclamation. The fact, as I understood afterwards, was that some few wished to bring forward Sir R. Peel, but the open mode of proposing him would not have answered this purpose. How far Lord B. is calculated to preside I don't know. Lord Northampton performed his part to admiration, notwithstanding a slip or two; but he never broke down like our friend Babbage.

'I was only once at the theatre, and once was enough; for though the *coup d'œil* of the audience was capital, I could hear but little of the speakers' harangues. Being a red ticket, I got myself and party with ease on to the platform, that is, all but one; but he, being guilty of not keeping close by us, was, while we were getting on, asked for his ticket, and his wife discovered him some time after in the midst of the pit. I paid for my hardihood, as I carried with me the elements of an

chant, was a leading member, were many of them Quakers. There were many intelligent working

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incipient cold, which kept me at home the whole of the Thursday.

‘The favourite sections were the mechanical and the geological. The mathematical was next to them, *longo sed intervallo*. There was one inconvenience in the distance of the sections from each other, but of the doings in all of them accounts are to be found in the *Athenæum*.

‘The laying of the first stone of the suspension bridge was a grand feature in this memorable event. It was at too early an hour for me to see the spectacle. In the evening, however, I was on the spot ; for while I was sitting in my room very quietly, Mrs. Frend came in, very much agitated, for she just saw the basket on the rod over the Avon, and being told that Charles Tate\* was in it, she could stay no longer, and hurried homeward with fearful presentiments. I went up immediately, and found that, after a suspension in the air for a short time, he was safe back on the land. With this news I came back and quieted the alarm ; but it was felt at Richmond, for the next morning we had a letter from his mother, whose mind was harassed by the vague reports in the newspapers. They are by this time quieted as to the safety of her son, but as the new rod will be over in a few days, and he most assuredly

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\* Son of the Rev. James Tate, afterwards Canon of St. Paul's, and at that time a pupil of I. K. Brunel.—ED.

men connected with this society, and Lady Byron, who had lent money, and otherwise helped the

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will be the first living matter that goes over, I am afraid that she will not be quieted till she hears of his safety. I hope they will try the experiment with dead matter before they think of a living subject for their experiment.

‘We are now thinking of our departure, which is to be on Thursday. The route is not yet determined upon, and our arrival in town will depend on circumstance, as we go circuitously, and may stay more or less time in one place, according to circumstance.’

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘WILLIAM FREND.’

*From William Frend to Lady Noel Byron.*

‘CLIFTON,

‘1836.

‘MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

‘Little did I think when I left town that I should be present, much less that I should have a part, insignificant as it was, in the transactions of last week. The papers have given you an account, and an enlarged one, of the proceedings. They have made a deep impression on my mind. Saturday last, between twelve and one, I found myself in the cloisters of the cathedral, waiting, with many others, the opening of the door of the chapter-house. About a hundred persons entered, several well known to me, but with

little institution, was one of the first members. It was at her request that my father, who was

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the majority I was not acquainted, except by name, as the most distinguished were pointed out to me. This was a meeting of business, most judiciously arranged, and very pleasantly discussed. The different committees of sections were appointed, and I found myself enrolled in Section A—Mathematics. On going home, after having shaken hands with various persons for whom the Church of England charitably prays one day in the year, I could not but think of the strangeness of the circumstance that I, a Unitarian, sitting behind a Quaker LL.D., and having on the right, left, and behind, Catholics, Protestant Churchmen, and Dissenters, should be in the Chapter of a Cathedral. This circumstance has not escaped the vigilant eye of the clergy, for on Sunday last this desecration of the venerable building was denounced from the pulpit. Be it so or not, it speaks volumes, and, like the appointments of a Catholic and a Jew to the shrievalty of London, is a characteristic feature of the age in which we live. A notable change has taken place in the public mind, which cannot but be accompanied with great results.

‘ In the evening I was sitting quietly with my party between nine and ten, when a gentleman called on me to take me in his carriage to a conversazione about a mile off. It was at the house of the late Mayor, who, unfortunately, held the office at the time of the riots. There I found assembled about a hundred, the greater part well known in similar meetings in town.



experienced in Benefit Society work, visited the place and made acquaintance with the founders.

The early efforts at Co-operation differed widely from the establishments we now find so useful.

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‘On Monday morning at ten o’clock I entered upon my official duties, which, in fact, were merely nominal, as everything had been previously arranged, and this consisted only in the selection of papers and the order in which they should be read in the section. This opened at eleven, and we had that day a large audience. The principal feature was a dry mathematical subject, very well explained, to those who could follow him, by Sir William Hamilton, into whose hands, by the way, I put a paper very prettily written out by Sophia, which he has not returned to me. This was the paper of which I gave you a hint, but, on due consideration, I did not think it expedient to make it public.

‘The popular sections were the geological and the mechanical; in the other sections was a great deal of interesting matter. I was glad to hear Baron Dupuis in the statistical, and Mr. Phillips in the geological. In the latter, a country gentleman of Somersetshire gave an account of some interesting experiments he had made, which would never have been heard of if it had not been for the Association. All that is really valuable is done in the sections, and I cannot doubt that they will be of very great advantage. The free communications of opinions will elicit truth. Books get slowly into the

The Army and Navy, the Civil Service Store, and others, differ in principle from the early real co-operative stores, being managed by members of other professions for their own advantage, making a profit and paying dividends, like any other joint stock company, to the shareholders.

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hands of persons living in remote quarters; here they will know what is passing in the world. But to the places which are visited the advantage is incalculable, as, for instance, at Bristol a stanch Tory and bigoted Churchman was freed from his prejudices by seeing the cordiality which existed between men differing in religion and politics, and he has now become sensible that there may be good and worthy men out of his party.

‘The business of the Association ended, as it began, in the chapter-house. We met between twelve and one, and did not separate till five; the Marquis of Northampton in the chair, and both here and in the public meetings he performed his part to general satisfaction. There was some debating on the next place of meeting. Invitations had been received from five places. The contest lay between Liverpool and Manchester, but, on coming to the vote, the majority in favour of the latter was overpowering.’ The name of the next president was attended with general acclamations, and assuredly Lord Burlington had the strongest claims.

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‘Yours very sincerely,

‘W. FRENCH.’

The humble store in George Street,\* Hastings, aimed at affording facilities for working people to exchange their work and produce without more

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\* This early store at Hastings, akin to so many efforts of the kind, is more fully described in the following correspondence.—ED.

*From Lady Noel Byron to William Frend.*

‘ BRIGHTON.

‘ DEAR MR. FREND,

‘ To the best of my judgment, I would pay my bill to society by aiding anyone who has the merit of being in the industrious, instead of the idle, class. If it be not consistent with the most practicable views of benevolence to “sell all I have and give to the poor,” I cannot feel myself acquitted of a violation of the precept unless I study how I may employ “*all* I have” in the service of the poor, and to improve in that service is the attainment in which I am most desirous to excel. I may say that I have been blessed with many poor relations, whose claims upon me cannot admit a question; but there is enough for strangers too, and I am anxious to seek out those, whose characters and circumstances are well attested.

‘ A few days ago I attended a meeting of the co-operative society, and were you brought into contact with the members, you would be convinced that their objects are laudable and tending to the public good. Cowie, the bookseller in Paternoster Row, is now the

than the absolutely necessary loss on transfer. The problem to be solved by the project was a complicated one, and involved social as well as  


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 publisher of the *Co-operator*, some of the last numbers of which present curious considerations.

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘A. J. NOEL BYRON.’

*From William Frend to Lady Noel Byron.*

‘22, WELLINGTON SQUARE,

‘HASTINGS, *October*, 1831.

‘MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

‘The interest you take in the co-operative societies was a sufficient inducement for me to attend, at the request of Mr. Noel,\* a meeting of one under that name in this place. Before I went to it, I looked over its rules, prefixed to which is an account of its object, namely, the mutual happiness and common *wealth* of its members, in securing and affording to them all the means of satisfying their physical and intellectual wants. A noble object this, most assuredly, and it seems that about two hundred persons had embarked in this design, towards which they each subscribed £2.

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\* Mr. Robert Noel (afterwards a major in the militia) was the son of the Rev. Thomas Noel, the rector of Kirkby Mallory, and a cousin of Lady Byron’s. He was much interested in the co-operative movements of the day, and was a contributor to various magazines, etc. His brother, Mr. Thomas Noel, was well known at the time as the author of a song called ‘The Pauper’s Drive.’—ED.

financial elements.\* There were all kinds of farm produce—bacon, butter, cheese, fruit and vegetables—and there were articles of clothing of

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This number diminished soon to forty, of which their present society consists; and they have with this capital set up a shop in which they sell groceries, shoes, and some other articles. Each member is to lay out 3s. a week in the shop, or pay one penny for each shilling deficient towards the common stock. Each member may withdraw his capital on March 25 in each year on giving three months' notice, and from this article the society was reduced to its present state, and, if it continues, may be still more reduced.

'At the meeting were present fifteen persons (several of them in gabardines), and of that description of which a proper society might be formed; but as to obtaining any of the objects they propose, I told them plainly that in their present state it was absurd to expect it. In fact, they are nothing more or less than a joint-stock company—keeping a shop, and expecting, like other shopkeepers, a return from it; and this even cannot be attained by them if the capital is to be diminished *ad libitum* by the withdrawing of the members. As<sup>to</sup> any co-operation towards the satisfy-

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\* The great difficulty in this scheme of Co-operation is in the payment of workers. The simplest method is, of course, exchange of work. But that is quite impracticable without waste and loss. The next step is payment by tokens. These eventually become money, and money leads to the accumulation of capital.

a coarse, substantial kind. But it was not possible for working men, some of whom had other work to do, to compete with producers who had capital,

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ing of their intellectual wants, nothing can be done in the present state of the society; and a meeting is to take place next Monday sennight to alter the rule with respect to the withdrawal of capital, and to substitute for it that each member shall be at liberty to dispose of his share to any other person approved of by the committee, so that the capital now in the society, and what may be subscribed by future members, may remain as a permanent fund, on which they may do business like other shopkeepers. If this resolution should pass, the society would be on a permanent footing; and if they conduct their business properly, they may be able to do something. They will so far be a co-operative society as each member assists by his subscription, and by laying out 3s. a week or equivalent in pence; but it must be some time before they have profit enough for any essential purpose.

‘I have promised to attend the next meeting, as Mr. Noel mentioned to me that you are willing to advance £5 towards the undertaking. I beg leave to suggest that, in case the resolution passes, it may not be amiss to give them this little aid, and I will, on your authorizing me to do it, advance it in your name anonymously; but I recommend that it should be with this proviso, that in whatever manner the future profits may be adjusted, the profits accruing to this £5 should be constantly added to it, and form part of the perma-

choice of workmen, and every other advantage. The co-operative store at Hastings died a natural death, notwithstanding the strong efforts made by friends to keep it alive.

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nent stock, and not be infringed upon till the society breaks up and the permanent stock is divided among the members.

‘If upon this footing, and by the addition of fresh members, a sufficient capital should be formed—since they deal for ready money and purchase for ready money—it is possible that they may be able to co-operate to some purpose. They may then think of a reading-room and of a school, and I should be glad to see such a design put into execution. From the language I have heard from a labourer, I am sure it is much wanted here. I wish it could be repeated in a Committee of the House of Lords, for they would then know the estimation in which they are held by the labouring classes. It grieved me to hear the expressions, and to feel there was but too much ground for them. We have lent the labourer Detroisier’s book, and I hope it may have a good effect upon him. I shall go to his field of labour, and in the interval of his work have further chat with him. The paying of the labourers out of the poor-rates has produced incalculable mischief, and this has prevailed very much in this country, and the demoralizing system of smuggling increases the evil.

‘I expect in a day or two a dozen copies of

Lady Byron, who did a very great deal, through a long period of years, both in giving money to establish institutions, and in trying to arouse

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Detroit's pamphlet, of which I mean to leave some for the use of the members of the *house of commons*\*; Mr. Noel will tell you where their St. Stephen's is.

‘Your ladyship knows that I have not very sanguine expectations from these co-operative societies; the requisites towards the forming are not easily found. The accounts require skill and care and honesty. The plan of them in this society appeared to be good, but they require constant looking after, and, from what I could judge of the men, I saw few of them who were capable of managing them. However, if they could get together one hundred members, they would in that number find, assuredly, sufficiently qualified men to form a committee of five for conducting this business. At any rate, the trial will not cost much, and if they should succeed in the shopkeeping, these men would gradually become better members of society.

‘There is no want of instructors in this town. I have visited two of their schools and one Sunday-school. At the latter I gave one of the teachers my golden rule for teachers of every description: never ask a child a question in words which he does not understand, and which you do not understand. This rule being enforced would destroy nine-tenths of the books

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\* A little house on the side of the Castle Hill at Hastings where the fishermen congregated.



interest in the principle of Co-operation, was not surprised by the failure of the Hastings scheme. She did not expect much from it, for the diffi-

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used in the Sunday-school, and no small quantity in the other schools.

‘I have seen the King’s speech, and am much pleased with his firmness. A reform of the House of Commons will inevitably take place, and it will be for the interest of King, Lords, and Commons, not of the boroughmongering peers, who do not at the utmost constitute a third of the House of Lords, nor of the boroughmongering jobber; but every office under Government, whether Army, Navy, Church, Excise, Customs, etc., will be better filled. The bishops have acted a very foolish part. My friend Maltby is an exception, and he ought to have been made a bishop at least a dozen years ago. A reform in the Church establishment is inevitable, but whether it will be the means of bringing over people to *my* Church time only can determine. Pray tell Mr. Noel we miss him, but the Admiral and I have our walks and talks together.

‘Ever yours very sincerely,

‘W. FREND.’

‘FORDHOOK, ACTON,

‘October, 1831.

‘DEAR MR. FREND,

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‘I congratulate the co-operators of Hastings on their acquisition of such a friend, and I think that, as you become more intimate with the concerns of the

culties and complications were great, and needed a stronger organizing power to meet them than any of the leaders possessed. Lady Byron told me with what pleasure she had visited the store, and accepted the kind invitation of the members

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societies, you will see the moral uses to which the scheme may be made subservient. The magnificent prospects held out by the visionaries have turned the attention of the co-operators from what was immediately practicable, whilst the public have been led to ridicule the whole system.

‘ I wish to leave the mode of appropriating the £5 to your discretion, as well as the mention of my name. The donations and loans which I have made to various co-operative societies (generally anonymously, but amounting to several hundred pounds) might have been more effectual if accompanied by some conditions. These I am still at liberty to make in some instances, and will consult you further on the subject. I have corresponded with one of the Roscoes respecting the Liverpool co-operatives, who have set a good example during the scenes of intemperance and turbulence in their town.

‘ As soon as I can get a frank, I will enclose the £5 and some papers. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Frennd and your daughter, and Ada’s thanks for ours, believe me,

‘ Yours most sincerely,

‘ A. J. NOEL BYRON.’

to dine with them—a visit which, she said, was one of the pleasantest she had ever paid, the only drawback to the entertainment being the large proportion of onions in the stewed mutton, a dish not suited for a guest in very delicate health.

The next venture of the kind, in which we all felt an interest, was Robert Owen's gigantic attempt at a Utopia, near Gray's Inn. We were for a short time in Guilford Street, not far from the scene of this great undertaking. It was in a building called the Rotunda, and included a large lecture-hall, a space adapted for balls, concerts, and other entertainments, and, I think, places set apart as schools for the children ; but at the time when I saw it these were not completed. The members of this projected community were to come from the slums and alleys in the neighbourhood, which is now, owing to the improvements in London, a thriving quarter. I believe that the persons who were to benefit by the institution varied in condition from decent tradesmen and servants to tidy laundresses and others lower in the social scale.

When I first saw Mr. Owen, he was lecturing in

the new institution on 'Politics, Social Equality, and Education.' As we went in, we caught the words, 'I am a friend of the ballot.'

'Who is that long-nosed friend of the ballot?' my sister, a merry girl, whispered to me. The words that followed seemed to give the answer.

'I am a creature of circumstances. We are all what we are made by the circumstances in which we are placed at birth, and under which we grow up. Tell me the latitude and longitude of a man's birthplace, and I will tell you what he will be and do.

'Now, we want to make all men exert themselves for the good of all, for the good of the whole number includes that of the individual. If we place the mass in favourable circumstances, we shall find each individual constituted accordingly.'

This was the exact purport, if not the exact words, of the discourse. The lecturer went on to explain how he meant to surround all the inhabitants of that wretched district with all the comforts and luxuries needful to make life happy. To accomplish this, the chief agency was to be

co-operation in the work, and equality in the life, of his disciples. There were to be lectures, concerts, balls, and conversaziones in the place, and a large portion of it was to be appropriated to the purpose of the exchange and mart. We went with three or four very earnest, if rather Utopian, reformers to a ball at the Rotunda, said to number 2,000 persons. It was wonderfully quiet and orderly, for some hundreds of persons dancing quadrilles do not present such a lively appearance as half the number whirling in round dances. What I observed among the members, especially the young women, was a quiet self-satisfaction, indicating consciousness of superior enlightenment, and advancement. In the interval of the quadrilles, one of the ladies in a rather limp white dress, garnished with pink ribbons, and having amber beads round her throat, and a *cheval-de-frise* of hair-pins, visible in her *coiffure en giraffe*, expounded to me the principles of social co-operation.

‘Man,’ she said, ‘is what he is made by circumstances. According as his circumstances are improved, he rises in the social scale. ‘Appi-ness is our aim, and ‘we encourage recreation

calculated to develop the 'ole individual while his intellectual capacities are enlarged. But this is 'indered by superstition and ignorance, so we must put down kings and priests, and get rid of all class distinctions.'\*

This was a very rough abstract of the doctrine preached among the extreme reformers of that time, more strongly by some of his followers than by Mr. Owen himself, for he was by nature a constructor rather than a puller-down of institutions; and though his philosophy contained some weak points, his system had a foundation of truth which might have made it live if it had not come too soon into the world. The weakest part, both of his opinions and his carrying out of them, was the belief that all individuals were born alike, and that fitting circumstances and training were all that was needed to form character. Akin to this, or a part of it, was his idea that character is moulded from without, instead of having its origin within the soul. These fallacies, on which so much of his structure was based, were the causes of its failure. I do not know how the El Dorado

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\* Remember that Board Schools had not begun their work sixty years ago.

in Gray's Inn Lane went on, but it had not come to an end several years after.\*

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\* The following description of Robert Owen's school is taken from a contemporary copy of the *Star* newspaper.—ED.

'The building in which Mr. Owen's new school of philosophy is taught has some peculiarities. In front of the building outside is inscribed, "School of the Rational System of Society, established 1831." In two side compartments are the following: "To prevent the longer continuance of ignorance; to remove the cause of poverty and crime." Below this, in front: "Robert Owen's Institution. Open Sunday 11 a.m., 7.30 p.m.; Wednesday 8 p.m.; and Thursday 8 p.m."

'Mr. Owen has placed inscriptions on all sides of the interior. In front are the three following: 1st, on the left: "This institution is open to develop the rational system of society, intended to supersede the irrational system, by which alone the world has been hitherto so ignorantly and so miserably governed." 2nd, in the centre, behind the teacher's desk: "Sacred to truth, without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." 3rd, on the right: "The highest practical duty of man is to exert all his powers, to remove inferior and vicious circumstances from around society, and to replace them with superior and virtuous circumstances only."

'On the opposite end, in front of the gallery, is written in two compartments: 1st. "The old system of the world is founded on the belief that the character of man is formed by himself." 2nd. "The new rational system of society is founded on the knowledge that the character of man is formed for him." On the one side: "The fundamental facts on which the rational system of society is founded are: 1st. That man is a *compound being*, whose character is formed of his constitution or organization at birth, and of the effects of external circumstances upon it from birth to death; such original organization and external influences continually acting and reacting each upon the other. 2nd. That man is compelled by his original constitution to receive his feelings and his convictions in-

There was a little lecture-hall—I dare say it is there now—in a narrow cul-de-sac behind St. Pancras Church, and at that time the philanthropists used to engage this for propounding their plans for improving the world. One of these, whom I remember lecturing either there or at the hall in Edward Street, was Miss

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dependent of his will. 3rd. That his feelings or his convictions, or both of them united, create the motive to action called the will, which stimulates him to act, and decides his actions. 4th. That the organization of no two human beings is ever precisely similar at birth, nor can art subsequently form any two individuals, from infancy to maturity, to be the same. 5th. That, nevertheless, the constitution of every infant, except in case of organic disease, is capable of being formed or matured either into a *very inferior* or a *very superior* being, according to the qualities of the external circumstances allowed to influence that constitution from birth." On the other side : "The science of society, or social state of man, includes : 1. A knowledge of the laws of human nature derived from demonstrable facts, and which prove man to be a social being. 2. A practical knowledge of the best mode of producing in abundance the most beneficial necessities and comforts for the support and enjoyment of human life. 3. A practical knowledge of the best mode of distributing these productions most advantageously for all. 4. A knowledge of the principles and practice by which to form the new combination of circumstances for training the infant to become the best matured of human beings. 5. A knowledge of the principles and practice by which to govern man under these new arrangements in the best manner as a member of the great family of mankind. 6. A knowledge of the principles and practice for uniting in one general system, in their due proportions, the five preceding branches of the science of society ; to effect and secure in the best manner for all, the greatest amount of permanent benefit and enjoyments with the fewest disadvantages."



Frances Wright, the American. She lectured on everything in general, and on Woman's Rights and Socialism in particular. She was thoroughly in earnest, and her sentiments were often good ; but when I heard her she went over the heads of her hearers. There was a ring of Positivism in one sentence which I remember. In giving us her views on a future life, she said : ' Man *special* lives for ever, man *individual* comes to an end when the body dies.'

Most of this school of social reformers and political reconstructors, in their strong reaction against priests and priestly authority, cast off all established forms of religious belief, and many adopted all kinds of wild theories, thrown together irrespective of history, to account for existing religious institutions. The most amusing expounder of this 'gammon,' as it was irreverently called by one who could have said much on the Eastern origins dwelt upon, was a woman who announced herself as Hisis going to remove *her wail*. The placards called her *The Isis*. She told in high-sounding words how all the modern creeds were travesties of Buddhist, Egyptian, Chaldean, and Roman mythologies ; talked knowingly of Precession of the Equinoxes, Zodiacal

signs, and Eleusinian mysteries; raised some of her hearers to the seventh heaven by her anticipation of a coming golden age, and threw some into a hopeless puzzle or a quiet slumber. As was natural, many of the reformers went to hear what she had to say. I do not know who this woman was, but from the fact that the substance and composition of her lectures, which she read, were much above the pronunciation and delivery of her words, she probably was paid to read some other person's writing. As may be imagined, reformers and enthusiasts congregated in this hall. After one of the lectures there, a lady, whom I knew slightly, asked if I were going to the Rotunda on a day she named. I was not going, and asked what was expected.

‘It's the Millennium,’ the speaker said. ‘It's to begin next week.’

‘How will it show itself?’

‘There will be turnips as big as your head, and carrots as long as my arm, and grapes and peaches, and everyone will have all he wants!’

I did not witness the introduction of the millennium, and I believe that soon after this time the Rotunda, with its happy auguries, came to an end. The excellent and truly philanthropic

founder spent three fortunes on his efforts to raise his fellow-men, and his failures\* were the consequence of his implicit trust in human nature, and his conviction that anyone may attain perfection in any line if properly educated.

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\* With one exception. I believe there is still a social community founded by Mr. Owen in America.

## CHAPTER V.

Phrenology—Gall and Spurzheim—Experiments in character-reading—Daniel O'Connell—A supposed skull of Cromwell—Lady Noel Byron and her friends—Dr. Andrew and Mr. George Combe—Dr. Tuckerman—Mrs. Fry—Prison reform—The silent system—Mrs. Joanna Baillie—The training of children.

JUST about the time that all the reformers were insisting on the principle that all are born alike, and that only education and training are needed to develop any faculty in any direction, a new doctrine was introduced, which promised to be a strong weapon in the hands of antagonists. Dr. Gall had observed the form of head in connection with character, and had framed, from observation alone, a system of psychology which I venture to say has never been surpassed or superseded. For it should not be forgotten, in criticising Gall either from a psychological or a physiological point of view, that this very complete system, which might have been supposed to be the fruit of a very

skilful and thoughtful arrangement of faculties according to their supposed share in carrying on the mind's work, was *not* the result of any study of mental operations, nor of anatomical examination. It appeared as the outcome of a large series of observations on the external head, made without any previous reference to manifestation in character, or calculation of the effects of the combined action of the parts. I do not know whether Gall's doctrine is true, according to Dr. Ferrier, but I should like to know by what wonderful coincidence it was that external indications, observed and noted down separately at haphazard, should have displayed, when brought together and considered as a whole, a very perfect system of mental philosophy. We heard Dr. Spurzheim lecture at the London Institution. His explanations and demonstration of the functions of the brain were clear and instructive, but they were not—indeed, they could not be—of the deeply philosophical character of the six volumes *Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, by Dr. Gall.

It was difficult to see how Mr. Owen's first principle, that of identity of character in all, or a blank in place of character, at birth, could be

reconciled with Gall's doctrine that each person is born with *more or less* susceptibility of development in many and various directions ; but many followers of Mr. Owen and the Communist party took up phrenology, and some among them welcomed it as a great agent of reform. It might have alarmed them for the success of the communistic part of all the various schemes which depended on keeping members at the same level ; for we know that if one level were ever established, it would be destroyed in a week. A friend, combating the theories of a leading Socialist, who was talking of equal rights in these latter days, said to him, ' My dear —, what makes you able to write as you do, when I cannot write at all ? what *right* have you to have more brains than I have ? ' Only those schemes of reform which allow for an aristocracy of Nature, which in itself implies a giving by the strong to the weak, have a chance of ultimate success. Mr. Owen's followers found a way of escaping from the dilemma involved in the absolute opposition of the two principles, and several of my friends went so far as to say that, although the outward form indicated character at any given time, it could be rapidly changed by a change in conduct.

The question of inheritance, which lies at the root of the whole, had not been entertained, and the mysterious problem, the relation of brain to character, was very roughly handled in those days, and does not fare much better now.

One of my friends—I will not give his name, for he has done good work in many social directions—believed that phrenology was destined to be an all-powerful agent in bringing on the millennium. Beginning with himself, he applied his belief as follows: To estimate his own progress from day to day, he took the dimensions of every separate organ with a measuring tape every morning, kept the record, and compared his measurements from time to time. The process was gone through by the aid of a looking-glass before he got up in the morning. By the comparison of his different results he could learn, he said, whether his character was stationary or not, and what had been the effect on the form of his head of the mental and moral discipline he had gone through since the last measurement!

At that time there was a Mr. Holmes, a German, living in 'London and lecturing on phrenology. He took casts, and had a very

good collection of these, as well as of the skulls of criminals, idiots, and other abnormalities. The collection was lodged in a house in Bedford Street, Bedford Square. When I first saw them they were used by Mr. Holmes to illustrate his phrenological lectures. After one of these lectures, at which my father, my sisters and I were present, the lecturer pointed out to us some heads which he thought worth observation, as bearing evidence of the agreement of character with external form. In going round the room I descried a cast which I knew. It was that of our friend Mr. De Morgan, and I had seen it before, and heard a description of the uncomfortable process of having a plaster-of-Paris likeness taken. The head was on the top tier of a high stand among a choice company of idiots, hydrocephalic people, and the like. I asked the lecturer what was the special characteristic of that individual, and why he had that place.

‘Ah,’ said Mr. Holmes, shaking his head and looking sorrowful as over a ‘bootless bene,’ ‘that is the head of a man who will never do anything. There is every kind of capacity in this head.’ He took down the cast and pointed to its proportions. ‘Wonderful endowments in science,



in literature, in every way ; but they are all lost.'

'Why so?'

'There is no power to make them active. The poor weak temperament cannot sustain any continued effort, so the fine organization is quite useless.'

'What a lamentable case!'

'Ay, indeed. If this individual had had a temperament equal to his organization, he would have been a none-such.'

I need not say that the prediction was not fulfilled. With respect to pronouncing upon character from the estimate of external size and form, we soon learned that a far deeper study and better insight into human nature than is possessed by most manipulators are needed to show the relation of the brain to the moral and mental nature, in any but the most archaic fashion.

Having told an instance of the non-success of phrenology, let me mention two or three successes ; happy hits they were called, and perhaps were nothing more. They came rather later in my life than those I have mentioned.

In my visits to Lady Noel Byron, which visits were always like short peeps into Paradise, I

made acquaintance with many of the friends who looked up to her as the centre of all that was good and lovable. They became friends of mine, and I owe to my dear friend, to whom we all looked up, many of those happy associations and incidents I have related here. Colonel Montgomery's family lived at Acton—now hardly more than a suburb, then a pleasant country place—near to Lady Byron. His sister had been her confidential friend since the time when they were both children, and I could hardly say which of these two women, so different, yet so devoted to each other, was most beloved and venerated by myself.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, properly O'Kelly, were neighbours, having a house on Acton Green, near the old church. It is now, I imagine, demolished or used as an institution, and the beautiful garden is either a waste or built over.\* This garden deserves a passing mention. On one side was a small wood of tall shady trees, and in the centre of this dark grove a circular basin, filled by a fountain and surrounded with flowers. This spot was said to be haunted, and

\* I have lately seen this house. It is not much changed, but the garden has lost its beauty.

none of the household would go there after dark.

Lord Derwentwater, the rebel, had lived in this house. The terrace, under a sunny wall at the far end, was his favourite resort, and he was taken through the large iron gates to be executed at the Tower for high treason. It was, I believe, his ghost which was supposed to haunt the secluded fountain, and I think he or it showed good taste in so doing. The O'Kellys were old Roman Catholics—not new converts, hot and strong, ready to spring a mine of theological argument at every shaky Protestant they met, but quiet, steady, perfectly unquestioning believers in the authority of their ancient Church, and living so as to prove themselves members of the highest Church of all. The struggle for repeal was going on, and Daniel O'Connell, Sheil, and their compatriots were in England. Mr. O'Connell was an old friend and guest of Mr. Kelly's, and on one occasion when he dined at Acton, my friends kindly invited me to accompany Miss Montgomery to meet the Liberator.

Mr. Kelly's daughters, bright, clever girls, had long been pets of Mr. O'Connell. The youngest, especially, who combined excessive humour with

exceeding sweetness, was believed to be able to 'twist him round her finger'—a wonderful feat, if taken literally, for he was a large, burly man, with a large head and a powerful voice and presence. I think after we went into the drawing-room, and saw the great man in a little knot of priests and patriots, that I said, out of hearing, something about this fine head. Then the devil entered into my dear Adelaide's young heart, and prompted her to say :

'Sophy, you must tell Mr. O'Connell's bumps.'

'Yes,' said Miss Montgomery treacherously ; 'it will be capital fun.'

So the merciless little plotter went to the Liberator, and having sat down on his knee, told him there was a friend of hers who could tell him all he thought, and all he had to do for Ireland, etc. He asked this knowing one's name, and was told.

'Which is she?'

I suppose I was indicated, and he acquiesced. I heard him say, 'Miss Frind'; and then his brown wig was off, and I was introduced.

'Now thin,' he said, 'tell me all mee sins.'

'No,' I said, 'that is Father ——'s business. I will tell you all the virtues I can find. I don't

want to have my grave dug and my coffin made by to-morrow morning.'

It was rather a fine opportunity for a phrenologist, or would have been, if I had had more confidence in my own powers, which were far from strong, in measurements of heads. However, I ventured to mention some salient points, and, seeing the Liberator's love of approbation not small, I endowed him with many saintly and heroic qualities, meanwhile writing with a pencil the relative sizes of all the largest and smallest developments in the head, as well as I could discern them in the short time allowed. I have lost my list, and only retain a dim recollection of its details; but on the following day it was sent to one of my relations in London, who had remarkable power of combining the elements of character deducible from the proportions of the organs. My friend was told that the brain was large and powerful, and its owner a man not unknown in the world. This, with the 'organs' given as No. 11, large; No. 6, very large, etc., was all the data she had from which to draw up her report. When we received it there were some points of resemblance so marked, and at the same time so characteristic, in the portrait,

that it was held to be impossible to show it to the original. It is not very long since I mislaid the paper on which this character was written, so my memory may be trusted, though I have not the words to copy.

He was described as having deep and strong feelings of humanity, being dependent on religious authority, but not devout in the sense in which the old saints and martyrs were so. He was strong and eloquent in speaking, but his oratory not so full of poetical imagery as of intense feeling and description, and, always deeply sympathetic, was sometimes of a violent character. He was affectionate to his friends and devoted to his children, and happy when he had a number of people around him—never so happy as when followed by a long retinue of people. How my friend evolved the last puzzled us all. There was more that we thought very characteristic, but I am afraid to repeat what I cannot perfectly recollect.

For the next attempt at discovering character by the form of the head, the subject being one publicly known, I must pass over a few years, to the first after my marriage, and come back to Acton days afterwards.

My husband's uncle, General Briggs, was a good friend and ally of mine. He took very great interest in many questions which were just then rising among thoughtful people, and among these were my own half-understood subjects, anti-quarianism and mental science, including its supposed adjunct, phrenology. His work in India, both military and administrative, and his scholarly translation of Ferishta, have been told of by his biographer, Major Evans Bell.

One day General Briggs came to me with a tempting invitation to accompany him in a visit to Mr. Wilkinson, a gentleman living at Camberwell, who had in his possession an old skull or mummied head, which was supposed to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell. I greatly rejoiced in the opportunity of seeing this relic, and gladly accompanied General Briggs to the pleasant house at Camberwell, where a few friends, among whom were Mr. G. R. Porter and other leading members of the Corn Law League, were already assembled.

It was well known that there were many heads claiming the honour of having belonged to the Protector, and Mr. Wilkinson told us that Mr. Donovan, who was held to be Deville's successor, and other phrenological authorities,

could not detect anything sufficiently characteristic to determine the identity of this. But the possessor's account of the head, and of the way in which it came into his possession, gave it a strong claim to be considered genuine.

It will be remembered that Cromwell, after being embalmed, was buried in Westminster Abbey, where he rested quietly until Charles II. came to the throne. He was then taken up and decapitated, and the head, fastened on a spear, was stuck up, with two others, on Temple Bar. It was blown down into the street, and picked up by a soldier, who took it to Mrs. Claypole. After her death it passed on to her descendants until it came into the possession of a spendthrift member of the family, who sold it to a broker for £100. Here my memory fails as to the succeeding owners, but our host showed us letters and documents which seemed to satisfy good judges of its genuineness. After reading and showing these to us, the precious relic was brought out for our inspection. It was a mummied head rather than a skull, for the hair, thin and grizzled, remained on some parts; and the integument was dried, but not gone. A wooden spear-head of the sort used in the seventeenth



century held it, being passed through the throat and out at the top of the head. The fleur-de-lis, the spear-top, must have been screwed or fastened on afterwards.

A surgeon in the party called our attention to the throat, the fracture of which showed, he said, that the head must have been severed from the body after death. It would have appeared differently if decapitation had occurred during life. There was a remnant of hair left, and a little rough spot on the skin over one eye, where Cromwell had a wart ; but all our party could not agree that this mark showed the place of one. The head must have been large during life, for it measured nearly twenty-three inches in circumference, and would probably have been an inch larger before the flesh and skin had shrunk. There were several fine organs in the head. Benevolence and conscientiousness were large ; hope and ideality smaller. The shrinking of the eye made it difficult to conjecture what language had been. The range showing family affections appeared to have been large.

The lady to whom these data were entrusted drew from them a character very like that given in Noble's 'Cromwell' ; but she had only been

told that the elements sent her belonged to a historical character not now in this world.

I must now return to Acton, and am glad to find an opportunity to mention some traits of one whose characteristic individuality has been lost in the interest attached to the circumstances of her hardly-tried life ; for there is now, I believe, no other person living whose recollection, reaching so far back as 1816, would enable him to speak as I can of Lady Noel Byron. I was seven years old when I first saw her. My father and mother had a house for the summer on Clapham Common, which was a far more rural suburb then than it is now, even having a claim to be called country. Lady Byron was expected to visit us, and my mother, waiting her arrival, took my sister and me to walk on the Common before the house. As we turned towards home we met our guest, who had seen us as she left her carriage and crossed the green, followed by the nurse who carried the baby, then a few months old.

A baby was a delight and a mystery to us children, and the little visitor had a loving welcome. She was a beautiful child. Of her mother I can only say, as Mr. Carlyle said to me many years after, hers was a face never to be

forgotten. Her complexion was fair and clear, and her features delicately formed, though not regularly beautiful, with the exception of her eyes. These were large and tender, and of a deep blue which seemed to kindle as one looked into them. She had fine eyebrows and a quantity of soft brown hair, but the great charm of her face was its sweet and intellectual, but rather mournful expression. I heard from the friends who had known her intimately in her early youth that she was a bright, cheerful girl, always trying to make all around her happy. When, later in life, I became intimate with her, the same characteristic traits were prominent. They were happy hours which I spent with her. She was always ready, when not overtired with writing, or with seeing people—both generally for the purpose of doing some kindness or giving help—to have a talk on some interesting question, one, perhaps, as old as the world, and still unsettled. These questions chiefly touched on religion, education, moral philosophy, and all their relations. I never heard Lady Byron dogmatize, but her veneration for some persons made her shy in speaking at length to them, and the effort sometimes to condense her idea made the language appear

precise and formal. But to those with whom she was familiar her conversation was natural and delightful.

Her nature was exceedingly affectionate. She threw herself entirely into the feelings of those she loved, and sometimes was disappointed by finding that she had herself suffered more from her sympathy than had the objects of it. This was especially the case in the matter of those who had done wrong, to whom she often attributed the same agonies of remorse which she would have felt in their places. Speaking of this tendency in her own mind, she said: 'I believe that some of my greatest errors have originated in too great readiness to believe repentance sincere. It has misled me in the most important events of my life.' I once, many years after, asked whether she would wish that all the circumstances connected with those events should ever be made known. She said: 'Perhaps, after the lapse of thirty years or more, when all were gone who could be pained by the story, it might be useful to the young to know it.'

One evening her old and dear friend, the Countess of Gosford, was, with Miss Montgomery and myself, at Fordhook. After some

conversation, of which the chief subject was the condition of Ireland—a matter of near personal interest to the two Irish ladies—one of the party, I think Lady Gosford, said that an improvement in the state of Ireland was something too good to hope for. It was then asked, If we could each have our wish, what would each of us desire? Miss Montgomery said she had so many wishes she could not choose among them; but she asked me mine. I, who had just lost a dear sister, said at once, truly, that I wished most to feel sure of another life, and that we might meet all we loved in it. ‘Yes, indeed,’ Lady Byron said, ‘such a faith as Dr. Tuckerman’s is worth wishing for; but if I had been asked the question when I was beginning life, I should have said that my strongest desire was “to love, and to be loved.”’

Among her most esteemed and valued friends were Dr. Andrew Combe and his brother. Dr. Combe was a scientific phrenologist, and his applications of Gall’s system to physiology and education were in some respects more profound than those of Mr. George Combe, whose useful book made the subject popular and intelligible.

Lady Byron was greatly interested in this

study. Many instances had come to her knowledge of perfect delineation of character by practised phrenologists, but it often happened that she was herself unable to reconcile the outward appearance of a head with what she knew of the character of the owner. I remember one of these puzzles. We had looked at Miss Byron's head and agreed that the indications of great power in many ways were very striking. But one day Lady Byron told me that she had been reading some of Lord Byron's beautiful minor poems—they were all on the book-shelves in the drawing-room—to her daughter, and she was surprised and disappointed by finding how little they were appreciated. 'On the contrary,' she said, 'the words of a popular song'—I forget what—'were thought quite as good.' But the head showed imagination, wonder, constructiveness and harmony, with very high intellectual powers. How could these fail of making a poet? We found a solution of the difficulty. Language was not so powerful as the others; had it been so, there would probably have been a musical poetess instead of, or perhaps as well as, a cultivated poetical musician. As has been often noticed in other cases, music and mathe-

matics were indicated in this head, and were both strong elements of character.

The wish for 'a faith like Dr. Tuckerman's' might have been shared by all willing to do Dr. Tuckerman's work. He was, I believe, the founder, certainly the first worker, of Missions to the Poor in Boston. Lady Byron's happiness in making his acquaintance, and seeing the effects of his steady, undeviating confidence in the sustaining power of the Almighty, was like that of a person having had a revelation from heaven, and she received the greatest comfort and encouragement from him. She wrote to me of him as 'a real saint,' and she described his benignant face, his voice of music, and, above all, the strength he gained in working, aided by a Power not his own. I dined at her house with him, and was as much impressed by the reverence of the disciple for the teacher as by his own for the Unseen Power by which he was led. We—I mean those of the party who took note of heads—remarked that in all the real earnest friends of their species, and they were many, who found their way to Lady Byron, the head was high in the front and top, the part in which Dr. Gall placed benevolence and veneration. It was

notably so in the case of Mrs. Fry, where, as in her saintlike character, those qualities were conspicuous ; but it is only very seldom that they are found, as in her, in combination with admirable sense and judgment and great activity and energy. A few words which she said to me in reference to her work show that she had the same consciousness of being upheld and directed in it as Dr. Tuckerman.\* ‘I cannot express to thee how I have been struck by the power of religion to penetrate where no other influence could reach.’ She told me some striking instances, but I could not help doubting whether even the religion of love and trust, which she taught and exemplified, would have been as powerful if it had been unaccompanied by the kindly touch, the sympathetic face, and the melodious voice.

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\* The following letter from Lady Noel Byron describes her meeting with Dr. Tuckerman.—ED.

*Lady Noel Byron to Sophia Friend.*

‘BRIGHTON,

‘1833.

‘MY DEAR SOPHIA,

‘Though I don’t see you, I often hear you ; for Ada frequently speaks so like you, that I could not believe you absent but for my eyes. One day when



The treatment of criminals, and the management of prisons, were far more unsystematic and undirected when Mrs. Fry began her work than we at present can imagine. Like lunatic asylums in their early days, they were subject to no regular inspection, and to no regular mode of management. But in both cases people's minds were waking up to perceive the horrors and abuses, which had become too excessive to be left any longer unnoticed, or to be placed in the category to which so many of the effects of our own negligence are consigned, that of 'necessary

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she did this I said to her, "You are thinking of Miss Frend?" "Yes, I often think of her."

'It is not well principled of me to write to you to-night. Shall I justify myself by "the better the day the better the deed," being Sunday? No. I will lay aside my conscience altogether, rather than humbug it. I have something to tell you. I have seen a saint—a real saint—Dr. Tuckerman of Boston, who is now in this place. His phrenological characteristics are: high, moral, and devotional sentiments; the forehead by no means contracted, yet not full in the reasoning part. The countenance is of a hallowed caste, meek and tender, the speech milk and honey. The effect of this character on Dr. K.'s is wonderful. The ice is melted, all the generous and tender feelings are called forth. It is like a withered tree restored to verdure. I have

evils.' Even now the treatment of criminals calls urgently for improvement. What must it have been when Mrs. Fry began her work? She described to me what she found in Newgate, where men, women, and children, the convicted criminal and the untried prisoner, were crowded together by day and night. Larger prisons were found necessary. Reformatories, which, except in very few instances, had not been thought of, were suggested and established. For the adult criminal everyone had a special nostrum. The *separate system* and the *silent system* were believed

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had but one interview with Dr. Tuckerman. We did not converse as strangers; there was a bond between us in our interest for the young and erring. More has been done for them in America than here. At Boston a society has been formed, an island not far distant purchased, and boys who could not otherwise have been placed beyond the reach of demoralizing circumstances are located there. Their labour pays the expenses of the institution. The most peculiar of the regulations is one that had just been *invented* by Miss Doyle: to give marks of approbation, not to intellectual acquirements or attainments, but to conduct and dispositions. To a certain number of these marks certain privileges belong, but none that are connected with the principle of emulation, which is entirely excluded. Dr. Tuckerman, one of the directors, declares

by their respective advocates to have in themselves the elements of vital reform of character, and their merits were much discussed. Having thought and heard a good deal of these subjects, and learnt the opinions of those whose opinions were valuable—among them de Fellenberg and several of his co-workers—I wrote an article on Reform of Prisons for a periodical (of which only two numbers appeared) called, I think, *The Monthly Chronicle*. Mrs. Fry kindly consented to give me her opinion of these papers, and I went more than once to Upton House to gain

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that the effect of this system, administered by a very judicial superintendent, is most favourable to the formation of character.

‘With my head full of Dr. Tuckerman, I went to the Pavilion on Friday. Having made up my mind that it was right to go, I did it cheerfully, and found much to observe and learn. The King and Queen were really kind to me, and I should like to see more of them; but I must not often run such risks. I had a blister on, which saved my chest, and the cold in my head which I caught is nearly gone.

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‘I was called to sit with the Queen, who retired for an hour to an inner room before the party broke up. So many topics are necessarily excluded from royal conversation, that it must be comparatively insipid;

wisdom from her on the teaching of the untaught and criminal. She distinctly objected to complete silence or complete solitude for the criminal—either, she thought, would drive him mad—but gave me instances which she had known of the efficacy of both methods of treatment pursued in turns, and in moderation. The system she recommended was much like that followed, I believe, in our prisons now, the punishment being a severe discipline, having for its chief features a mixture of occasional silence while at work, with short periods of recreation, and occasional intercourse with each other, and free communication for the prisoners with the chaplain. Both de Fellenberg and Mrs. Fry dwelt strongly on the efficacy of direct oral teaching rather than reading or being read to, on the minds of the morally diseased.\*

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but the Queen infuses as much sense into it as possible, if she were only assisted by the circle round her. It appears, however, that it is etiquette to stultify one's self.

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‘Adieu, dear, dear Sophia,

‘A. I. N. B.’

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\* It was a pleasure to hear her say, what people sometimes forget, that by the time we have *perfect systems* of medicine for mind and body, no prison or hospital will be wanted.

One day, when our conversation and our luncheon were finished at Upton House, Mrs. Fry's baby grandchild was brought in. Lady Byron, who was present, had a baby grandchild about the same age, and my own little one at home was not much older. I suppose we all mentally compared notes, and judging by myself, probably each one was quite certain that her baby far outshone the others in promise and

*The Same to the Same.*

'ROUEN,

'September 14, 1838.

'If you have wished for a letter from me, I have wished to write to you; but I thought that, whilst my correspondence was so expensive, I ought to limit it. Yours, with Ada's letter enclosed, came this morning. You know Rouen, and how much occupation it affords to a curious traveller. Besides the ancient buildings, I mean to see the prison and the Maison des Alienés, both said to be very well conducted. Solitude does not hang heavy on my hands—indeed, it does me good after the excitement produced by various causes, and, last, by my awful voyage of thirty-six, instead of twenty-four, hours, against the wind, and with the addition of a thunderstorm worthy of a mountain country.

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'I had intended to go to Paris by the Seine, but the numerous accidents which have occurred in the naviga-

beauty. Mrs. Fry nursed her grandchild as if she were used to the occupation, saying to Lady Byron: 'Dost thou not find it a very pleasant relation?' Of course she was answered with a cordial assent. I was amused by the 'relationship' between the small creature and the great philanthropist, who certainly had the faculty of giving comfort to men, women, and babies. She understood and sympathized with the last-named

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tion of the upper part of the river have deterred me. This week the boat was near sinking when full of passengers, in consequence of running against the pier of a bridge; and in some places the stream is so narrow, that if two boats meet, one must back like a carriage in the same situation (I don't mean in the water).

'The Jurisconsulte Rossi, whom I was fortunate enough to find on board the steamer from Havre to this place, had come down the Seine from Paris, and entreated me not to hazard my safety by attempting that voyage. I was acquainted with him in Switzerland, and admired his intellect then. He holds some high situation in the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. He told me that Mrs. Fry's visit had done great good by turning public attention to the state of the neglected children in Paris, but he seemed to doubt the permanence of any benevolent interest amongst the people of that metropolis. Do you know Mdme.

better than one who in many things was as good and loving-hearted as herself, but who had not had the advantage of experience. I mean Mrs. Joanna Baillie, in whose house at Hampstead I once took my eldest little girl, then about twelve months old. Little Alice, who had slept in the carriage the whole way, was far too wide awake when we were in Mrs. Baillie's drawing-room to sit quiet on my knee and listen

Necker de Saussure's work on Education? I am inclined to think it is the best philosophical work on the subject. She is a woman of deep reflection, and superior in truthfulness of mind to her friend, Mdme. de Stael. If this book has not been translated into English, it ought to be.'

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*The Same to the Same.*

' CAEN.

' DEAR FRIEND,

' I knew that you would hear of me, and my eyes have not permitted extra work, nor even all that is necessary. The very fine days since this month began have enabled me to do rather more than usual. I came here by the steamer from Havre, and am much pleased with Caen. Yesterday I went over Beaulieu with Diez, and wished you had been there. He stated to me that the discipline was not so good as when the

to the conversation. Everything in the room attracted her notice, and she wanted more attention than I could give, for she could run alone and talk at ten months old, and was a sweet and clever, but very excitable, child. I heard afterwards that my friends thought my 'system of training' had been very faulty. If my baby had been properly managed from her birth, she would not have been so restless. I dare say they were

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reports which we have read were published. The reason is that additional rigour has been insisted on by Government, and, in consequence, the prisoners are less disposed to subordination. He said that anyone who had studied human nature much must see that this was natural. I asked in what respects the regulations had been made more severe. One was the enforcing silence during the hours of relaxation—"Ça leur donne de l'humeur"—the effects of which are seen in their behaviour during their tasks. Cider has also been taken away, and the power of granting or withholding this indulgence was important in Diez's opinion. He said he should resign if measures of greater rigour were imposed. He and Mr. Woolcombe seemed to have the same kind of difficulties. The prison might have been taken for a large manufactory. Indeed, I do not know in what respect it differed from one, except in the number of soldiers walking about; they are, in fact, the turnkeys. There is about one



in some measure right ; any way, I have found some children so mercurial that nothing can make them quiet, steady characters ; and some so heavy and dull that they cannot be roused into activity and interest.

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“ *guardien* ” to thirty male prisoners. You know the *vistas* by means of which a continual inspection is carried on all night, as well as in the day. The number of men at present is 900 ; of women 300. Out of the former 50 boys ; out of the latter a few girls. Diez does not expect any good from the Societies of Patronage for the liberated prisoners. He thinks other conditions necessary. I had no time to get an explanation of this.

‘ He told me that “ *recidives* ” were numerous, but observed that there was a much greater certainty of their detection in France than in England, owing to the passport system.

‘ There is but one punishment in this prison—a solitary cell at night, and seclusion from all but companions in punishment during the day. They all walk in a file, with a soldier at their head, round a court in silence. Nineteen men only were subjected to this—two per cent. nearly. They were brutal in physiognomy.’

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## CHAPTER VI.

Lady Noel Byron's Agricultural School—Captain Brenton—The Children's Friend Society—Lord Brougham and Lord Palmerston—Phenomena of modern spiritualism—Baron Guldenstübbe—Rutter's experiments—Mrs. Anna Jameson—Lady Milbanke and the divining rod—Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the abolition of slavery—'Eliza'—Mrs. Follen.

THE many troubles of the working classes, and the insufficiency of all efforts made to improve their condition, suggested to Lady Byron the establishment of an Agricultural School. It was one of the first, and was at Ealing, near her house. She sent a man to Hofwyl, in Switzerland, to learn the system of de Fellenberg, and her correspondence with him, and friendship with many who thought like him in England, enabled her to enter fully into principles of training which had only just suggested themselves to enlightened philanthropists. These principles were mainly to develop character by giving happiness rather than by repressing faults by severity, and making the

out-of-door work a delight and an interest. After my marriage, my kind friend lent me her house at Acton two successive summers, and one of my great pleasures was a visit to the school.\*

There was another agricultural and industrial school attached to the Children's Friend Society. This society's object was the saving of those poor little outcasts known as 'gutter-children.' A school for the boys had been established chiefly by the efforts of Captain Brenton, an active practical naval officer. I believe that it was owing to this good man's energy that money

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\* The following correspondence is mainly concerned with Lady Byron's plans for helping the cause of education among the poor.—ED.

*From William Frend to Lady Noel Byron.*

'STOKE NEWINGTON,

' *December, 1830.*

'MY DEAR LADY BYRON,

'It is stated on respectable authority that there are 15,000 young, idle, and dissolute vagrants in the Metropolis. To transform these into useful members of society would be a good act of benevolence and beneficence. Is there enough of these two qualities in the country to bring about such a work? I think there is. But how they are to be brought into action is the question, and a difficult question it is.

'Some years ago 1,500 sailors were lying about the

was collected, arrangements made, and a spacious house taken at Hackney Wick, looking over the then extensive lands called the Marshes, or by natives the *Meshes*. The house had belonged at one time to a rich city man, and the grounds were large, and had been beautiful. I went occasionally to visit Captain Brenton's school, and never saw a more happy or hope-inspiring scene than the boys at work or at play in their stout, coarse jackets, with rosy cheeks and bright, happy faces. There were workshops and a rope-walk round the yard, and a mast ; for the pupils

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streets of London in the greatest distress. Their case excited compassion, and in about three weeks' time, a subscription having been raised for them, they were all lodged in six vessels and taken care of, and the committee that managed this concern was so well satisfied with the subscriptions, that it informed the public that there was no need of further supplies. This was an injudicious act. The experiment succeeded because the object was intelligible, and came home to the feelings of everyone, and it was manageable. The committee consisted of persons many of whom understood the characters they had to deal with, and without them, namely, the captains in the East India Company's service, and other naval officers, all the exertions of the public and the committee would have been useless. Now, with the above experiment, and the proposed

were trained for sea, and taught handicrafts—such as tailoring, shoemaking, and carpentering—to fit them for emigration to the Colonies. I can say more of the system pursued with the girls than of the treatment of the boys, for I was on the committee of management for the girls' home at Chiswick. But the principle of both establishments was the same, and the society, of which the formation of the female branch was due to the exertions of the Honourable Amelia Murray and her mother, Lady George Murray, was called the Children's Friend Society. A roomy house

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scheme for the vagrants, what is there in common? Let us suppose 1,500 of them to be taken out of the streets and placed in three or four receptacles. As far as good lodging and clothing go, they may be as well taken care of as the sailors; but something more is to be done for them, and if they are collected together and left to themselves, they will leave the establishment worse than they came in. Instruction is to be given them, to put them in the way of getting their bread, and to correct their evil propensities and habits.

'Here we come to the first difficulty. The sailors' committee was easily formed, and the object was temporary. Here is a necessity for a well-formed plan and constant superintendence. But supposing the lads well housed and well trained, what is to be done with them afterwards? How are they to be restored again

was taken on Chiswick Mall, overlooking the river, and in this the little gutter-children gained health, some amount of training, and perhaps the first taste of happiness they had ever known.\* Our part—but I ought not to say ‘our,’ when Miss Murray did so much that some ladies grumbled at having nothing to do—was to procure and prepare the house and matron, or matrons, to collect money from friends, and to find and recommend little destitute children for admission. With the funds subscribed, the rent, clothing, and food were paid for. Each person recommending a child was to bring seven pounds for expenses of emigration, placing out at service,

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to the world? These are considerations to be settled before the public should be called on for subscriptions.

‘The idea of collecting these vagrants on board a ship and shipping them off to distant colonies is by no means a bad one, for it is better that they should be there, whether instructed or not, than that they should run, as they now do, wild about the streets. But I much doubt if the public would contribute enough to defray the expenses of such an establishment.

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\* Some characteristic incidents occurred when the children were first taken into this home. I remember two or three little girls, almost babies, who rushed into the coal-cellar and sat on the coals. When brought out they cried, ‘Don’t hit me!’ We supposed that their parents had shut them up in some hole answering to the cellar, and had beaten them when they got out.

etc. No child was ever taken without the full consent, signed, of its parents or supposed guardians. Generally these when found were so drunk, and in every way depraved, that they were glad to get rid of the children except when they wanted to send them out to beg. It was a harrowing sight to see these unhappy little beings when they were brought to the home, pale and wasted, often in the dirtiest rags, covered with vermin, and often cut and bruised by the treatment of their parents, or by accidents in the street.

A fortnight would make a striking difference

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‘I would by no means throw impediments in the way of the benevolent, but a scheme of this kind requires the utmost care in the onset. It is requisite that receptacles for these vagrants should be first found, whether in town or country; the expenses of each receptacle should be clearly stated; the mode of employing the vagrants in them should be clearly laid down; and, above all, it is necessary that the public should know what is to become of them when they are supposed to be properly trained for their re-entrance into the world.

‘I do not imagine that the most sanguine persons employed in the present undertaking calculate on so many as 10,000 being taken out of the streets in the first year, and this will leave us a nucleus of 5,000. Will this nucleus increase or diminish? But whence comes

in the appearance of the worst of them. Children recover flesh very rapidly, and the warmth, cleanliness, and wholesome food did wonders. The matron, a Scotchwoman, begged she might give them oatmeal porridge and milk for breakfast, and soon convinced us of its fattening properties. The children had meat twice a week, I think, but in all respects they were far better fed, and more judiciously treated, than children whose food cost the same in workhouse-schools, of which institutions, as well as the more recent District-schools, I have seen a great deal.

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it to pass that there are 15,000 vagrants in this highly-civilized, polished Metropolis? This is a very important question, and the answer to it would probably lead to the conviction that something more is requisite than to transplant shoots from the hotbed of vice and misery. In the prospectus of the designed institution this question ought not to be neglected.

‘I have thrown together these few thoughts for your consideration, which may lead you, perhaps, to be on your guard before you commit yourself to any plan that has not been thoroughly digested. *Entre nous* I suspect that I have heard and seen enough to doubt whether anything effectual will be done; but I will beg the favour of you to let me know how the plan goes on. I have never heard it mentioned but by yourself and the Captain, and it is very likely that I shall not hear



When a party of little girls, numbering about twelve or twenty, were restored to health, trained in habits of obedience, and able to do a little house and needlework, they were sent under the care of a matron to Canada, Cape Town, and others of our Colonies, where young servants were required. A committee of ladies and gentlemen received them in a home prepared for the purpose, and they were then engaged as servants, on it being made a condition, with the

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of it from any other quarter. If there is to be a public meeting, some popular character should be asked to take the lead, and the committee greatly increased.'

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*From Lady Noel Byron to Miss Sophia Frend.*

‘ BRIGHTON,

‘ November 3, 1833.

‘ In the meantime I will tell you something of my personal concerns. The most satisfactory result of my residence here has been the improvement of my acquaintance with Lord Brougham, who shows a disposition to enter into the school projects with *all his heart*. Mr. Duppa\* has been with me, and will shortly publish his pamphlet. The papers furnished by Mr. Yates† have been of great use to him. He wishes to

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\* Mr. B. F. Duppa, the author of various papers on industrial education, etc., and hon. sec. of the Central Society of Education.—ED.

† Mr. John Ashton Yates, political economist.—ED.

hirers, that the guardian committee should be applied to at any time if any complaint should be made by employer or servant. These last were bound by indenture as apprentices for a stated term, and the wages were fixed by the society. Half the sum paid annually to the young servant (or apprentice) was to be kept by himself or herself for clothes, etc.; the other half was to accumulate, with interest, for her use until the term of her engagement had expired. All was going on as well as possible. The committees

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dedicate his book to me, but I think you will agree with me that my name would be more likely to do harm than good, at present, to the cause of education. It is difficult to convey this idea to one who is ignorant of the facts on which my opinion is grounded. I send you a paper in which an amended edition of Mr. Bermingham's\* letter has been introduced, but sadly misprinted. The Chancellor was much interested by Mr. Smith's experiment as detailed by Mr. Smith himself in a letter I was able to show him. There is *no school* under Mr. Smith's direction, only the land allotted to the juvenile tenants. All this may not appear to be strictly my "personal" concerns, but you know that I am identified with paupers and vagrants! *Apropos* to the letter, ten girls have just been sent to the Cape, though the school is not yet formed. The

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\* Mr. Thomas Bermingham, who superintended an experiment in home colonization made on Lord Clonbrock's estate at Roscommon.—ED.

abroad did their work effectively, and many letters were received from the children, describing their new homes and their happy lives in the new countries.

However, before many years had passed, our useful work came to an end. The doings of the society were looked on with suspicion by some politicians, who always descried a bad motive in every effort made to help the poor by persons who had a prefix to their names; and the list of dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, whose interest had been enlisted by Miss Murray, and

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demand and supply are likely to be commensurate. Miss Doyle went to see the School of Reform at Chelsea, and was struck by the dulness and want of recreation in the educational system. She said she should certainly have run away had she been one of the inmates, even with the fear of the gallows before her eyes! I hope something better may be devised for the vagrants.'

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'FORDHOOK,

' *March 18, 1834.*

' DEAR SOPHIA,

' These north-east winds make me afraid of London. You may, perhaps, have heard of the proceedings at the opening' of the Fordhook Session. There was no division; the Bill passed, provided that

who appeared as patrons and patronesses, etc., alarmed some sensitive M.P.'s (I may say, *par parenthèse*, that I am a Radical) in opposition. Whether there was anything unconstitutional or subversive of the liberty of the subject in our arrangements, I have never discovered. But the Duke of Wellington, who loved children, and felt for the miseries of the poor little outcasts, was Prime Minister, and everything he approved was likely to be objected to. One evening a Radical M.P., whose name I forget, and who had never seen either of the homes, or really inquired into

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there should be a labour school within seven miles from London, to consist at first of at least twenty-five boys as day scholars, and four boarders not younger than twelve, to be selected from the monitors of established schools, and to be educated for schoolmasters. Land and a schoolmaster and money are to be got as soon as possible. In order to obtain the first, I have sent for Charles Noel to look about in the neighbourhood. Which way to turn for a schoolmaster I know not, but think of advertising. Money will not be wanting. I think £1,000 would suffice for the experiment.

‘I do indeed value de Fellenberg’s friendship, acquired in two hours! We have ever since sympathized deeply, I believe. He writes as if he knew the tears I had shed on hearing of his son’s death. I felt then all

the working of the society, asked whether honourable members were aware that, with the sanction of the highest names, and even with the countenance of the Court, English children were taken away from their parents and sold for slaves in foreign countries. A short debate ensued, and our work was condemned as unconstitutional, and a revival of the slave-trade, and a good deal of the same sort was said. It appeared that some worthless parents, who had readily parted with their children and signed a paper declaring that they gave up the guardianship to our

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he describes himself to have felt for the wanderer who was to return no more! But "may they rejoice, no wanderer lost, a family in heaven."

*From Lady Noel Byron to Miss Frenn.*

'FORDHOOK,

'June 28, 1834.

'MY DEAR SOPHY,

'When I read your letter, Miss Carr asked me what had given me so much pleasure. I want you to know what is going on here, though I am not inclined to *expatiate*. Recollections associated with this season of the year make me melancholy.

'The Agricultural School is *born*. Land engaged, with buildings convertible to the purpose, at £60 for one year, with the option of a twenty-one years' lease,

society, claimed to have them sent home again, and, finding this not done, at once applied to a magistrate. A dispute ensued, which ended by the case coming to the knowledge of the Radical member, who was ready to take up any weapon against the opposite party. The saddest result of all this was the death, caused by shock and sorrow, of Captain Brenton, the benevolent indefatigable founder of the whole. After this time no more boys or girls were received at the schools; the subscriptions, which were difficult to keep up, even under favourable circumstances,

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and the proprietor interested in the plan. Mr. Craig, the schoolmaster, appears efficient, and is to go immediately to Hofwyl, in order to return for the opening of the school at Michaelmas. His salary, £75 per annum. During one year I am to take the whole of the expenses, therefore solicitations for subscriptions need not be made until something is *done*.

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‘Ada was greatly delighted with the first of Dr. Lardner’s lectures on Babbage’s machine at the Mechanics’ Institute, where Lord Brougham spoke. She went with Mrs. King. The next is on Wednesday. I fear it would not be intelligible to you, as you were not at the first. The Carrs left me yesterday, Mrs. Carr having made considerable progress towards convalescence. I go to town on Thursday to stay the

were no longer paid, and the whole came to an end.\*

In the early part of this century, and in the good old times that were before, it was the general belief, as I have already said, that teaching will form character. No matter from what parents a child is born, give him but a suitable training, and you may make what you please of him. It was vain to urge that no teaching in the world could make a Newton into a Mozart, or a Dr. Johnson into a Raffaele. The reply always was, 'Don't be sure till you have tried'; and

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night and attend the rehearsal at Westminster Abbey next day. Are you going to any of those performances?'

'OCKHAM,

'January 26, 1839.

'DEAR FRIEND,

' . . . The school is becoming so popular that Lord Lovelace's may be stocked from the rejected boarders. He does not desire to qualify the boys especially for pedagogues, and it will therefore not be unfair to return to Ockham those who have no turn for that occupation. . . .

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\* It is pleasant to know that work of the same sort, and having great success, is carried on at this time on a very large scale, on rather different lines, by Miss Rye, Miss Macpherson, and Dr. Barnardo.

when certain experiences were brought in answer, the captious objector was told they were exceptional cases. It has of late years been suspected that the child has, even before birth, been subjected to influences which may determine its character, and from the earliest commencement of its existence has the germs of its prevailing tendencies from its parents. But among those who did not go into these subtleties sixty years ago, the great want of general enlightenment in all ways was beginning to be felt. And, as might be expected, for the intellectual faculties

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‘And now for a castle in the air, about which I have private reasons for feeling anxious. Did you not concur in Mr. Porter’s\* views as to the advantage which the upper classes might derive from infant schools for their children? If not in all cases, I am sure that in many, such institutions would furnish a discipline which the most judicious parent cannot give; for instance, too precious young heirs who *will* make the discovery of their own importance in the family circle, and can only be unegotized in a mass, of their fellow-creatures, treated exactly like themselves. Mr. Porter speaks of some such school at Stoke Newington, but the situation is so much out of the way. I should like to see a reformed infant school, free from theology, at Bayswater, for about thirty children, with two

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\* Mr. G. R. Porter, author of *The Progress of Nations*.—ED.



come to maturity before the moral ones in both individuals and nations, it was taken for granted that the deficiency could be supplied by intellectual training. It was said, 'Teach people to read and write, and give them the rudiments of language and science, and crime will disappear.' This embodied only a half-truth, but that was better than none at all; and the Useful Knowledge Society and its publications, and the new Colleges, Mechanics' Institutes, and improved schools, were good pioneers of the more enlightened condition, of which a few glimpses are coming to us now. And so I preface my few recollections of the man who has been held to be the chief leader of the movement, and who has been handed down to posterity by Mr. Thomas Love Peacock as the 'learned friend.'\*

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mistresses. There must be a garden and lawn. I think it might almost be accomplished by me and my friends, as far as pecuniary wheels were necessary, and other wheels could be procured. Would not Mr. Porter himself be glad to help? I do not exactly know

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\* 'A learned friend, who is for doing all the world's business as well as his own, and is equally well qualified to handle every branch of human knowledge. I have a great abomination of this learned friend. As author, lawyer, politician, he is *triformis*, like Hecate; and in every one of his three forms he is *bifrons*, like Janus, the true Mr. Facing-both-ways of Vanity Fair.'—*Crotchet Castle*, by Thomas Love Peacock.

I was young when I first saw and listened to Lord Brougham. He dined alone with my father and mother that they might discuss the desirableness, and the possibility, of establishing a University in London. Mr. Campbell, the poet, and one or two others, were already thinking of this scheme, and my father had written about it in more than one periodical.\* The time of this meeting must have been shortly after the trial and acquittal of Queen Caroline, for whom Mr. Brougham, as Attorney-General, made such a successful defence. My sister and I, after the custom of that time, when the party was small, went in 'for dessert,' and I well remember my wonder on hearing our visitor tell of the letters he received and the work he did during that trial. The letters, he said, were more than once brought

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what are the arrangements of proprietary schools in general, for if the funds fall short we might have recourse to that mode of increasing them. Do you think 10s. a week would be a fair charge? The mistress to have more than a governess in a private family, and the second mistress to have about £50. I suppose the house and land would be from about £200 to £300 per annum.'

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\* In the *Monthly Reformer*, and I think in the *Champion*, a paper which did not live long, edited by John Thelwall.

to his house in a wheelbarrow. Of course, I often saw Lord Brougham in after-years, for he had a scientific acquaintance with my husband, as well as an interest in Useful Knowledge in its various aspects. He often gave away the prizes at University College, and knew by heart all that ought to be said on those interesting occasions.

One day, late in the history of the College, Lord Palmerston consented to take the chair. He was not so familiar with the sort of speech expected in such a place as he would have been at Westminster, and, meaning to adapt his rhetoric to the occasion, began very appropriately, 'It has been said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but it is better than—better than—better than——' Here a dead stop. Lord Brougham, who sat beside the speaker, came to the rescue, speaking with his peculiar nasal twist, 'Better than a great deal of ignorance.' This, of course, brought down the house, and during a volley of laughter, cheers, and Kentish fire, Lord Palmerston recovered the lost thread of his speech, and finished it with his usual ease and fluency. '

During my husband's later visits to Lord

Brougham, they had a good deal of conversation on the phenomena called spiritual, in the genuineness of which, or rather of many of which, my husband fully believed, and gave Lord Brougham an account of the incidents which he had witnessed, and which had produced in his mind a conviction of the reality of their occurrence, though he had not satisfied himself as to their cause.\* Lord Brougham, who had only had very few experiences with Mr. Home, was generally inclined to believe that there was in the whole movement so much of imposture and self-deception that the genuine article, if there were any, could not be found. But he was a little staggered by the appearance of a book† by Baron Guldenstübbe, a Swedish gentleman, whom he, Lord

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\* As I have been told that these words imply a stronger belief than my husband would have professed, I give his own statement :

‘I am satisfied by the evidence of my own senses of some of the facts narrated ; of some others I have evidence as good as testimony can give. I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things *called* spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake.’—Preface to *From Matter to Spirit*.

† *La Réalité des Esprits, et le Phénomène merveilleux de leur Écriture directe*, par Baron Guldenstübbe. Paris, 1856.

Brougham, knew, and believed to be a man of high integrity and intellectual culture. After reading this book, I saw the writer, and was struck by what appeared to me the reality of his wonderful gifts, and the simple, straightforward way in which he spoke to his friends of his experiences in the world of spirit.

As there has lately been some discussion and interest excited on the subject of the supposed writing by spirits without the intervention of human hands, it may be suitable here to give a very short notice of the contents of this book, which at the time of its appearance puzzled more than one scholar used to weigh evidence. Baron Guldenstübbe, who, from a life's experience in his own person, had long been a believer in the phenomena of spiritualism, thought of trying to obtain proof of the reality of this writing, which has been called *direct*, and supposed, I think, erroneously to be produced quite independently of any aid or influence from a person in the body. The way in which he tried his experiments, of which the first was made in 1856, was to place a piece of blank paper and a pencil in a box, the key of which he kept always about him. The first time he opened the box the paper was just

as when it was first placed there. For twelve days nothing legible appeared on this paper, but on the thirteenth he found some strange characters marked on it. This was repeated ten times that day, a fresh piece of paper being placed in the box every half-hour. After this time he did not lock up his paper, but laid it on a table, or on the pedestal of a statue, or on a monument in a church.

After thirty successful trials of this kind, by which he obtained writings in different languages, the Baron told his friend Count d'Ourches of his experiments. The Count, who accepted the evidence of the fact, but at first had some doubts as to the character of the invisible writers, was at length convinced of their being what they professed themselves. He had written a sentence from John iv. 2 : ' Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.' The text was in French.

At the end of ten minutes the words were written : ' Je confesse Jésus en chair.' This was signed with the name of a deceased friend, who was not at once recognised, but was afterwards remembered and identified by the Baron.

After this time Baron Guldenstübbe made 2,000 experiments in the presence of educated,

sensible, and trustworthy witnesses in different parts of Europe and America. These experiments spread over thirteen years. They were tried by laying the paper sometimes on a vault, or on a monument in St. Denis, sometimes in the experimenter's own house ; at Versailles, St. Cloud, the Louvre, the British Museum, and in many other places. Mr. Dale Owen was one among many of the witnesses whom I knew, but Lord Brougham's acquaintance with those who attested the facts was considerable, and he assured my husband that these were most of them persons whose evidence would be held sufficient to establish any fact in everyday life.

And here I may refer to a supposed incident of the kind, spoken of as an early Christian legend by Dean Stanley in his 'History of the Eastern Church.' It is recounted by Nicephorus as having occurred after the Council of Nicæa :

'It was believed in later times that two of the 318 bishops, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, who had entirely concurred in the views of the Council, had died before the close of its sessions, and been buried in the cemetery of Nicæa. When the day for the final subscription arrived, the bishops took the volume to the grave of the two dead men,

addressed them as Mussulmans still address their dead saints, and solemnly adjured them that, if now in the clearness of the Divine Presence they still approved, they would come again and sign with their brethren the decrees of the faith. They then sealed the volume, and laid it on the tomb; watched all night, and returned in the morning, when, on breaking the seal, they found the two subscriptions: 'We, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, fully concurring with the first Holy and Œcumenical Synod, have signed the volume with our own hands' (Stanley's *Eastern Church*, p. 201).

Of course this tradition has a very slender foundation, but the similarity with Guldenstübbe's experience is worth remarking. Who invented it? As I have fallen, or risen, into a region which, according to the intelligence of the explorer, is called the supersensual, the miraculous, or the supernatural, I may refer to some experiments tried at Brighton by Mr. Rutter about the years 1845-50. Like many physical and metaphysical 'scientists'—the new upstart word *must* go into the pillows of inverted commas—Dr. King of Brighton was interested in these as well as in those tried by Dr. Léger on the



same lines ; and Lady Byron and many of my friends watched the result of their inquiries, hoping that some valuable conclusion might be drawn from them as to the function of the brain and nerves. I do not remember particulars of these experiments. I only know that Mr. Rutter believed that the body might be compared to a large magnet. Some of the simpler experiments which I saw repeated were very curious, if not conclusive ; probably all the conditions of their success were not known. Lady Byron, who was staying at a hotel in Dover Street, kindly asked me to join a few friends one evening. As I was shown into the drawing-room, I heard Mrs. Jameson's sweet voice say : ' Tread softly ; you are on enchanted ground.' So I went in, silent and expectant. There was an elderly gentleman sitting in an arm-chair. Mrs. Jameson, who stood before him, was holding a little pendulum—a silken thread, to which a small weight was attached—over his bald head. The pendulum was whirling rapidly in one direction (from left to right, I think). The gentleman quietly clasped his hands, and the whirling ceased. A letter, taken from a desk some yards off, was then put into his hand, and while the movements, which

had recommenced, were going on, this was taken away and another put in its place. Mrs. Jameson, who still held the pendulum, did not see the last letter, nor another which was afterwards substituted for it. But at each change the direction of the rotations was altered, and Lady Byron, who had placed the letters, told us that the first was written by a woman, the next by a man, and the third by a woman again. This experiment was tried more than once, but seemed to lose distinctness and to become confused. It did not succeed so well with anyone present as with Mrs. Jameson, who was, I imagine, what Reichenbach calls a 'sensitive,' and who, from a few other experiences which she had had, felt a strong interest in questions bordering on the occult. She told me she had once seen, or rather heard, a banshee. This was in Ireland at the house of some friends. As she was going to bed she heard a sighing or moaning close to her. She held the candle down, looking all over the floor and under the bed, but the noise continued, sounding, as it passed through the door, like an *Æolian* harp. She followed it down one or two flights of stairs, until she came to an open window, through which the mysterious wail was

heard till it seemed to be lost in the distance. She was afterwards told that the house was honoured by the possession of a banshee, but I forget whether any death followed this visit.

In the many questions which, it was hoped, might find their solution as the researches of Dr. Léger and Mr. Rutter went on, Lady Byron felt much interested. There was one reason, perhaps, for her belief that one day an open link might appear in that great mystery, expressed so perfectly, as she said, by Lord Byron : 'The electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.' She had herself seen much of one of the most common, though not the most intelligible, of the mysterious processes which seem to strike the electric chain. This was the turning of the hazel twig above a place which, on being dug into, showed water beneath. Lady Byron's mother, Lady Milbanke, had the faculty of using the divining-rod, and was often asked by her neighbours and tenants in Durham county to exercise it for their benefit when they wanted to sink a well. Lady Byron told us that she had seen her mother's hands held tightly by Dr. Fenwick, a well-known scientific physician in the North, who, going behind Lady Milbanke, pressed the fingers

of each hand, holding it so as to make the stick point upward in the air. Nevertheless, when the lady had walked a few steps, the twig suddenly turned round, and, defying the doctor's hold, pointed to the ground with such violence as to tear the skin from the fingers, and even to draw blood.\* In Lady Milbanke's presence many persons tried the experiment, but the faculty, or peculiarity, was found to be possessed by very few. Lady Milbanke made her experience known to Dr. Charles Hutton, Mathematical Professor at Woolwich, asking him to explain the cause of

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\* I am permitted, by the courtesy of the Earl of Lovelace, to print the following testimony to Lady Milbanke's successful experiments with the divining-rod.—ED.

*Copy of Mrs. Harland's and Dr. Fenwick's Testimony on the Divining-rod.*

The following statements are attested by Mrs. Harland:

‘DURHAM,

‘January 16, 1838.

‘Mrs. Harland frequently heard Sir Charles Harland, at that time Mr. Charles Hoar, speak of the power he possessed of finding water by the divining-rod, and on some occasions witnessed its operation, especially in one instance when living in a house upon

it. It was arranged, as the phenomenon was quite unknown to Dr. Hutton, that the experiment should be tried under his observation at Woolwich, and thither Lady Milbanke went with some friends, and in the presence of a large party, some of whom were scientific men, showed the turning of the hazel twig in such a way that all were convinced of its reality, and the doctor wrote a detailed account of it in the *Mathematical Recreations*, which he translated and enlarged, giving notes from the French of the mathematician Montucla, who says, 'Those who believe in such reveries must be exceedingly weak.'

As we were all probably what M. Montucla

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the Green at Durham, where Mr. Hoar slept in the attics, and one day called her upstairs into his bedroom to show her the violence with which the rod turned in his hand in walking over a particular spot of the floor, and upon trial a copious spring was found there.

'Dr. Fenwick, of Durham, also remembers Mr. C. Hoar accompanying him to Page Bank (a property of Dr. F.'s near to Durham), where Mr. Hoar tried for water and found some, but observed the water was low down in the ground, or the spring not a powerful one, as the rod turned but feebly. This, upon boring, was proved to be the case. Mr. Charles Hoar accompanied a Welsh nobleman (Mrs. Harland believes him to be

called 'exceedingly weak,' and, as to physical science, what Sir James South called 'ignorami' (fitting the gender to the occasion), we guessed and 'fluked' *ad libitum* at the cause of this curious phenomenon; and if I hazard a guess here, it may be pardoned, as on such an obscure question nobody can set me right if I am wrong.

The hazel is not the only tree which turns over the place where water is found. Two or three other kinds of wood have the same property, but not in so marked a degree. There seems to be in the process something analogous to electricity, which is conducted to the earth by an iron rod.

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Lord Penryn) to his castle in Wales in order to procure water, which he succeeded in finding by the divining-rod, where springs were never before suspected to exist.

'Mrs. Harland perfectly remembers the late Lady Milbanke possessing the same power, and she is strongly impressed with the idea that Lady Milbanke was requested to, and did, exhibit this faculty before his late Majesty, George III.

'Lady Milbanke was the first person who spoke of this extraordinary gift before Mr. C. Hoar, who was then unconscious of his being possessed of this power. On its being described by Lady Milbanke, he immediately felt an odd fluttering sensation, and could not rest till he had made the experiment, when, to his astonishment, the rod turned in his hand; he felt at

And it may be that, as the earth attracts the electric discharge, the water beneath the earth may attract the *unknown element*, which has the same affinity for the hazel that the lightning has for the iron rod. I am afraid to talk about 'force' or 'power,' because electricians will tell me to define, but there seems to be something unknown generated or caused by the meeting of two other unknowns. In the case of electricity, whatever may be suspected, I believe it is not known whether one of these is active, and the other passive, or what forms the attraction between the current or currents believed to pass through the wires. In the experiment with the hazel twig there appear to be two, also influences

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first as if he should faint. Lady Milbanke described having the same sensations upon this faculty being first mentioned in her presence.\*

'Both Lady Milbanke and Mr. C. Hoar disliked speaking of or exhibiting this extraordinary gift.

'ANNE HARLAND.'

'I perfectly remember Mr. C. Hoar trying the divining-rod at Page Bank. It is correctly stated above.

'J. R. FENWICK.'

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\* 'This is a mistake. It was upon the first *essay* that she experienced it.' (Note by Lady Byron.)

or receptivities: one that attracts power which may be supposed to reside in the water under the ground, the other from the holder of the hazel twig; for it seems certain that the stick is only a conductor, as might be a pipe through which the current passes. If it were not so, if the element were generated in the bough, it would turn in anyone's hands. And, moreover, the exercise of the faculty causes some exhaustion, and a shock like electricity is felt when the stick turns down.

In an interesting book, *The Outlines of Primitive Belief in the Indo-European Races*, the author, Mr. Charles Keary, classes the divining-rod, which he says 'inherits its qualities from the divining-tree,' with other trees believed to possess magical virtues: the ash of Ygdrasil, the oaks of Dodona, with their whispering leaves, and the laurels of Delphi. These last have justified their claim to hold a place in the working apparatus of Apollo, by showing how they affect the nerves in the form of prussic acid. The mistletoe probably had some kindred property which made it valuable to the Druid prophet, enabling him to become ecstatic. This conjecture is not quite without foundation, for I knew a lady who cured fits with mistletoe



berries, perhaps on the homœopathic principle. And I find a suspicion expressed in the *Chips from a German Workshop*, not, however, confirmed by the author, that the mistletoe may have been the *soma* or ecstatic drink used in their mysteries by the Parsees. What was the *aconian drink* taken by the adept in the Eleusinian Mysteries but a drink to produce a spiritual or ecstatic state? If some lover of plants would collect all the weird, classical, and fairy traditions belonging to each, the work would be most profitable to students in many branches of knowledge.

Since writing the above, I have received from my friend, Mr. G. Boyce, the artist, the following extract from Prior's *Popular Names of British Plants* :

‘J. Grimm observes : “ Der hirt zeigt uns das einfache vorbild des fürsten, des ποιμην λαων, sein haselstab erscheint weider im zepter der Könige ; ‘ hafa i hendi heslikylfa ’ ( holds in hand a hazel staff ) ; ” an expression that occurs in Saemund’s *Edda* in the second lay of the Helgaguida, str. 20. The verb *halsian*, foretell, seems to be derived from the use of the hazel for purposes of divination.’

Those of us who are old enough remember the great stirring up of feeling in England which

immediately followed the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the number of abolitionists from the States who came to England during the years in which the struggle between the North and South continued before freedom came to the slaves. Mrs. Stowe was in England on her first visit, and I had the gratification of seeing her at Mrs. Reid's; but while so many distinguished friends were anxious to hear and converse with her, I could only look on at a distance, but regretted that my husband never met her, for he was exceedingly interested in her work, and sat up nearly the whole of one night, reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

That very sweet and graceful young woman, the original of Eliza, the fugitive slave, who escaped her ruffian pursuers by crossing the river on the blocks of ice, with her young baby in her arms, was in England, having come over with Mrs. Stowe. I met her more than once at Mrs. Reid's, and, like all my friends, was charmed with her. She was what is called by her own people a 'yaller girl.' Her mother was half-blood, and her father a Spanish general of good family; such unions, one would think, give a sufficient answer to those who believe the person-

ality of the negro to present an obstacle to all social intermixture of the whites and blacks. Eliza, who took the name of Mrs. Webb in England, delighted us by reading in a most musical voice a sketch of Mrs. Stowe's—*Deacon Bidott*. I cannot say whether there was more of pathos or of humour in her reading. She and her husband remained some time in England, but she died of consumption a few years after.

I think it was after Mrs. Stowe's first visit that we became acquainted with Mrs. Follen ; and her son, Mr. Charles Follen, was a pupil of my husband's at University College. His mother was one of the most lovable women, as well as the bravest, I ever knew. Her method of forwarding the cause of the slave was to show the white man how nearly in mental and moral powers his dark brother approached him. She had many friends among the negroes who were in England at that time. I once met a party of seven at her house, most of them being Methodist or Baptist ministers. One, evidently the strongest intellectually and morally, was a full black, having thick woolly hair, and all the characteristic features of the race ; and the others had yellow or dark skins of different shades of colour.

From much conversation with the educated refugees, who were here at that time, I was led to believe that the religious element, faith, which I understand to be the consciousness of union with, and constant dependence on, the Divine Power, was a leading feature in the negro character. But their intellectual condition does not furnish them with an intelligent comprehension of natural objects, so the symbolism they employ is grotesque, and their language is too defective and confused to express even the ideas they have. But with all this faulty apparatus to bring it out, they seem to have a perception of spiritual things, and a reality of faith such as are seldom found in the most scholarly theologians. I suppose it is only a question of degree throughout ; and the finest symbolism used by the Eastern prophets is probably as much like fetichism to the archangel, as the negroes' Uncle Remus-like pictures are to us. It only needs a higher development of the intellectual element in the African to turn what now is generally held to be superstition into a vital and enlightened religion. In some ways Uncle Tom was nearer than St. Paul to Jesus of Nazareth.

## CHAPTER VII.

Lectures on Hero-worship—Thomas Carlyle—Mrs. Carlyle—  
Cheyne Row, Chelsea—Anti-vivisection and Cardinal  
Manning—Lord Shaftesbury.

I FIRST saw Mr. Carlyle when he was giving his lectures on Hero-Worship in London more than forty years ago. His appearance and manner were very striking. The tall figure, deep florid complexion, large blue eyes, and broad Scotch accent, would have secured attention even before his hearers had been startled by the truths brought home to them by the rich, strong voice. But the effect of the whole was like a revelation. I went with Lady Byron to some of these lectures. Many of the thoughts had, I think, been her own, as they had, more or less, been those of other hearers, but they were condensed and given out so as to seem like a ray of new light. Lady Byron showed me her notes of the first lecture. I am sure that she, too, added

features of so much originality that the lecturer would hardly have recognised the fruits of his suggestion in her words.

I saw Mr. Carlyle some years after this time, at an evening party at Professor Scott's. Mrs. Carlyle was present, and was kindly disposed to talk with me; but I failed to find in her conversation the charm of exceeding brilliancy and humour which it had for many friends, and which appears in many of her letters. This, doubtless, was my own fault, but it was owing to the fact that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin were talking earnestly together, and Archdeacon Hare, Mr. F. D. Maurice, and my husband, who all stood near, joined occasionally in the conversation. The subject, suggested by some passing event, was the social and political state of Europe generally, but many special moral evils were dwelt upon. According to Mr. Carlyle, the look-out was dark in all directions, but Mr. Maurice and Mr. Scott threw in gleams of hope from one quarter of the social, or, rather, the religious, horizon, and Archdeacon Hare supported their views. I well remember Mr. Carlyle's expression as he looked up and said: 'Show me the remedy.' And just after, resting his head upon

his hand, and his arm upon a little table, he never perceived that his elbow was plunged in a nosegay of lilies of the valley which stood upon it.

Many years after this time, in 1873, after my husband had been taken from me, we came to live in Chelsea, three doors from Mr. Carlyle. His wife had been dead some years, and his niece, Miss Mary Aitken, now Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, kept his house. I am glad to have this opportunity of saying what I know Mr. Carlyle felt, and would have said to be absolutely essential to the truth of any notice of the last years of his life, that all the comfort he certainly enjoyed, and all the alleviation of suffering possible in his case, were due to the care and devoted affection of his niece. It is a rare thing to find a girl of twenty ready and willing to attend hourly to the wants and weakness of a man of fourscore. But this was done by Mary Aitken, not grudgingly, nor as if it were a duty to be got through, but with her whole heart.\* I do not apologize for referring in this way to one still living, for all the friends who knew and really loved the Chelsea prophet could

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\* This is written without Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's knowledge. I rejoice to see that Dr. Garnett, in his admirable *Life of Carlyle*, has expressed this better than I have done.

bear witness to her loving care of him during his life, and her intense sorrow when he died. Wherever she was, or however amused, she never forgot her 'lion' at home, or her promise to return at a stated time. I have heard certainly of his being occasionally irritable, as is everyone of strong temperament who is afflicted with liver, but I have also often heard of the way in which the clouds disappeared, leaving the 'lion' more kind and affectionate than before. She said he was easy to live with, for whenever he felt he had been hasty, he was always the first to seek a reconciliation.

Cheyne Row is a quiet little street now. It was quieter, and had a touch of rurality when Mr. Carlyle chose it for his home years before, for opposite his house there were trees and green grass, where now an ugly edifice, called the Peabody Buildings, covers the ground. And this model lodging-house yields in ugliness to an enormous structure nearer the river—a building which insists on being noticed from any part of Cheyne Row. It consists of seven stories of 'flats,' being a model lodging-house for gentle-folks, and, as if to add insult to injury, bears the name of the Carlyle Mansions. Happily, the old



man, who loved to see the sky and trees, and to feel the breeze from the river, was gone to his mansion not built with hands before this monstrosity appeared. He had at first resented the Embankment, and for some time disliked to walk on it, or in Battersea Park, but I think became rather more reconciled to both before he died. The last time I saw him walking out he was going in that direction with the Laureate and another friend. His own house was, until very lately, in a most deplorable condition ; every pane of glass broken, and mud and dirt collected wherever they could find a lodgment. I fear that our friends from across the Atlantic, who come still to look with reverence at the place whence issued those denunciations of falsehood and words of warning, must wonder how such a state of things could have come to pass. But there was no help for it, and as Mr. Carlyle only rented the house, the lease of which expired shortly after his death, none of his friends or kinsfolk are responsible.\*

His nervous sensitiveness made quiet really necessary for his literary work, and the street musicians before, and the cocks and hens behind,

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\* It is now put into repair. September, 1887.

his house, were a source of great discomfort ; so the neighbours, to secure him peace and quiet, gave up keeping poultry. I have seen him rush out of his house in his morning wrap, sending a torrent of words, not descriptive of the state of the blest, over two Italians who were playing an orchestrion opposite. The poor men gave way at once to the general imprecations, asked his pardon, and departed ; and I thought they were a shilling the better for the transaction. He really suffered from street-noises ; but I was walking with him once at Christmas time, when he asked me to wait a minute. This was for the purpose of giving a Christmas-box to the watercress-woman, whose notes are anything but harmony. She is still crying watercresses, but he said it was an old institution then.

All the neighbours and tradespeople in Chelsea were naturally proud of the sage who made their little nook of London so famous. The conductors of the omnibuses were very careful, not to hurry him in getting in and out, and I once saw him pointed out by one of these to a friend.

‘ That ’ere old gent has written a lot of books.’

‘ Have you read them ?’ the friend asked.

‘ No ; but the Queen has, and the Government.’

It was pleasant to me to be introduced again to Mr. Carlyle, for he kindly said he was glad to see me, as he was indebted to my husband for a notice of his mathematical work. This work had been the subject of a correspondence between Mr. Carlyle and Mr. De Morgan some years before. It is thus referred to in the appendix to the *Budget of Paradoxes*.

After giving a method of proof that the ratio of the circumference to the diameter is incommensurable, my husband says :

‘The foregoing’ is (in my own language) ‘from Dr. (now Sir David) Brewster’s English edition of Legendre’s *Geometry*, translated by someone who is not named. I picked up a notion, which others had at Cambridge in 1825, that the translator was Mr. Galbraith, then known at Edinburgh as a teacher and writer.

‘But it turns out that it was by a very different person, and one destined to shine in quite another walk ; it was a young man named Thomas Carlyle. He prefixed, from his own pen, a thoughtful and ingenious essay on Proportion—as good a substitute for the fifth book of Euclid as could have been given in the space, and quite enough to show that he would have been a distinguished

teacher and thinker on first principles. But he left the field immediately.\*

Mr. Carlyle did not possess the volume in which this occurs, and I felt it an honour to present it to him. In return he gave me a photograph of himself, cabinet size, 'With kind regards' in his own writing, or, rather, written by himself in pencil, and traced over with ink by his niece. He borrowed the *Formal Logic*, and read it, but I do not think he cared enough for the subject to enter fully into its strongest point, the *quantification of the predicate*. He said he liked logical reasoning, but did not approve of such forms as *Barbara*, *Celarent*, etc., as a help to comprehension. I said I thought the formula was more as a help to noting down and expressing what required great accuracy. He said that anyone having real clear thought and reasoning power could arrange his arguments without a verbal form as a guide. But he did not, I think, look upon the obnoxious words as a help to classification, but more in the way of an artificial memory, and he was rather bitter on both.

All his friends knew what a delightful com-

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\* See *Budget of Paradoxes*, Appendix, by Augustus De Morgan, p. 499.

panion Mr. Carlyle was in a walk or a drive ; but for me, who was becoming deaf, it was a trial to lose many of the capital stories and bits of strong sarcasm or humour which were called up on those occasions. I remember one great loss of this sort, when he gave me specimens of the descriptions of raiders and cattle lifters who figure in some of the Border ballads. One Jock of something, I remember, seemed to excite his admiration. This worthy had got himself, as no doubt he fully deserved, into the strictest restraint in the Tolbooth, or some northern stronghold ; but he contrived, in a way that must have indicated genius (or the narrator would not have shown the pleasure he did in recounting the feat), to elude his warders and throw off his shackles, to clear the walls, and to escape into the open. Now, I confess it did appear a little paradoxical for the great upholder of order and discipline to delight in the doings of a person who set all law at defiance. But it was really the exercise of strength and courage in any form that was approved in his heart. I think that law and discipline came second in his estimation in the case of Jock.

For the same reasons, my deafness, and his habit of looking straight before him when he talked, I lost many anecdotes and remarks which

I would gladly have remembered. One day, when he had told me much about some of his friends, I asked him if he liked a certain marriage.

‘Eh, no,’ he said, striking his stick on the pavement; ‘she went and married an empty prating wind-bag, when she might have had a German student well read in the metaphysics.’

He was strong in denouncing the hideous practice of vivisection. Like my husband, he believed that no real and valuable addition to knowledge would be gained by violating the laws of justice and mercy; and he dwelt particularly on the justice due to animals, who, he said, had their rights—the right that is gained by fulfilling a duty to us.\* So he willingly headed a petition on the subject (the name following his being that of M. Victor Schoelcher), and we (I mean the friends of the cause) hoped he would have consented to go up with a deputation from the Victoria Street Society† to the Home Office to urge on the Secretary of State, Mr. Cross, the introduction by Government of a Bill in accord-

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\* If this principle were held to be binding, the patient horses, which have done man<sup>the</sup> the greatest service for many years, would not, in their old age and helplessness, be treated as they are at Alfort and in knackers’ yards.

† In 1876.

ance with the recommendation of the Royal Commission. The deputation was introduced by Lord Shaftesbury, and Cardinal Manning was one. Mr. Carlyle was asked to go, but refused to accompany Cardinal Manning, on whom, or rather on whose Church, he bestowed one of his choicest and strongest epithets. It was vain to observe, as I ventured to do, that as this good defender of our righteous cause had worked in it with Lord Shaftesbury, perhaps other friends who differed as much as they did in doctrine might follow their example. But not even his indignation with the vivisectors could induce him to give the support of his presence. I think, however, that his age and weakness made him hesitate, and he heartily wished us success. He had a splendid tabby cat, Tib, which sometimes sat on his knee or shoulder; and he honoured our collie, Dido, with his notice, so that if she saw him in the street she would run up to greet him, and more than once alarmed me by jumping up too vigorously and setting her forefeet against the philosopher, making him stagger. He said that the name 'collie' came from Colin, the name given to a shepherd in Scotland. A collie is a shepherd's dog.

One bright summer day Mr. Carlyle kindly asked me to accompany him, his niece, and a friend in an open carriage drive. We went across the old bridge to Battersea, Wandsworth, and on to Wimbledon ; and in the old streets among the quaint old houses, many of which have since been pulled down, he showed me many which either had been inhabited by some notoriety of former times, or had been distinguished by some historical association. All along the road, through Chelsea, Putney, and Barnes, these relics here and there presented themselves, and many of them brought out interesting anecdotes, coloured, especially in the case of persons connected with royalty, with his strong painting. When we reached Wimbledon Common we were discussing Shelley, and, in speaking of a bust in the possession of Mr. W. B. Scott, I asked if Mr. Carlyle remembered the form of his head, which was very peculiar. He could not say, 'but if phrenology were true, it must have been a very bad one.' This led to his talking of phrenology, and it appeared, by the way in which Mr. Carlyle spoke of 'bumps,' that he had not considered the 'science,' or 'system,' in a way which Mr. Deville, or perhaps more philosophical phrenolo-



gists, would have approved ; and I ventured to tell him I thought he hardly did it justice, also observing that his own wonderful power of language confirmed the truth of one observation of Gall's, which led him to believe that language was in a part of the brain behind the eye, pushing it rather forward. He made some funny remarks on the language of the eyes, and then took off his velvet cap and said : ' Come, tell me what I have got in my head.' It was a warm day, so no harm came of his being uncovered.

I lost an excellent opportunity then, from distrust of my own power, and wished some better judge had been in my place. The head showed, as might be expected, a very powerful and complicated organization, some parts being much larger than others, and indicating very strong mental characteristics. No one could fail to see that language, order, individuality, and eventuality, among the perceptions, comparison, causality, in the forehead, firmness, conscientiousness, and destructiveness, were all large ; hope, not so, and the domestic affections, strong. This sketch is so very slight and imperfect, that perhaps I ought not to write it ; but if there is a cast taken during life in existence, it will be easy to see what are the

omissions. Even if I had been more confident of my own ability to find the organization of this very powerful head, the thick bushy hair would have made it difficult ; and the busts and statues now supposed to represent our distinguished men are so much idealized, that the strongest characteristics are often lost. The beautiful statue of Mr. Carlyle on the Embankment is admirable in its presentation of the face and attitude, though the hair is too thick to allow the full form of head to be seen. I wish this statue were under cover, for I well remember the dislike he expressed of seeing the effigies of those we wished to honour exposed to the rain and smoke in our public places.

During the drive to Wimbledon there was some mention made, in Mr. Carlyle's searching, sweeping style, of the honesty of literary men and publishers. I spoke of one whom I knew slightly, asking if the giving up of a small income for a scruple of conscience was not a proof of honesty. 'Without doubt,' he said, 'of honesty up to £200 a year.' Certainly he was sometimes like Diogenes going in search of an honest man !

As to the manner in which his wonderful faculty of language showed itself, it has been

thought that the habit of forming compound epithets, which gave such force to his writing and speaking, had been unconsciously acquired by his great familiarity with German literature. This might have been the case in some degree, but I believe it was in himself, especially as some others of his family had the same characteristic style. Those who heard him talk could not fail to be struck with the readiness with which words absolutely fitting the subject presented themselves in his speech, as well as his writing. His was a rare gift of words, and he appreciated it in others. When Mr. Morris's poem of *Sigurd* was published, Mr. Carlyle read it quite through, never leaving the book till he reached the end, and then saying, 'What a many words that man has!'

But it is certain that the gloominess of his views, and the vituperative language in which he expressed them, varied with the state of his health. I was one day walking with him in a street near Cheyne Row, when a number of rough boys just out of school began shouting and throwing about sticks and stones. A stick hit Mr. Carlyle's hat, and I feared the next might do more mischief.

'There,' he said, 'be quiet, can't ye, you ne'er-do-weels!'

The boys were only thoughtless, and were soon quiet. I had noticed the deep colour of his face, and the unusually strong yellow lines about his eyes, and wondered that he spoke so quietly. I observed that the Board Schools had a good deal more to do. Mr. Carlyle said, seeming to be thinking aloud :

‘When I was a lad I was taught to respect my seniors, and made to do my duty, and to walk in God-fearing ways ; now all those duties are passed over, and nobody remembers that he owes anything to any but himself. It’s all selfishness and self-seeking, from the highest to the lowest !’

I ventured to hope that this very sweeping condemnation might have some exceptions, and mentioned some really practical philanthropists who were devoting their lives to raising the condition of the poor.

He did not believe it. If there were such, the number was very small—only perhaps one here and there whose work was not a show and a sham carried on for their own glorification. And he went on, painting a dark picture of the iniquities of trade and commerce, and even in the professions—how it was all grasping and knavery,

everyone trying to over-reach his neighbour. 'But,' he said, 'it will bring its own fruit. There is such a crisis approaching as the country has never known. I have long seen it impending, and I have warned them, but they will take no heed, and the storm will burst when they don't expect it.'

There was something in this dark prophecy which reminded me of the poor man who called, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' till he was lost in the falling city. I could only give the weak reply, that it was certainly not for want of warning from him if distress and confusion arose in consequence of the sins and misdoings of the country. He then spoke of our dealings with other nations, and the dishonesty of statesmen, all expressed in his own strong language, but of which I lost a good deal from the noise in the street.

That evening, as we were sitting quietly at home rather late, a message came from Miss Aitken, asking for some of the medicine her uncle usually took, as the druggists' shops were shut. Fortunately I had some to send. The next day I did not see Mr. Carlyle; but on the day following met him on his own doorstep, going out with his niece. He looked quite happy, com-

pared with what he was two days before, though Cheyne Row resounded with the clamour of a large number of boys and girls just released from the Board School at Cook's Ground, close by. This time I grumbled, suggesting that the inhabitants should send a request to the managing committee, begging them to take means to quiet this disturbance,\* which took place twice a day when the children came out of school. But Mr. Carlyle would not agree. He only said kindly: 'Ah, poor little things; let them alone, they'll never be so happy again.'

He once spoke to me of the sadness of life, and the uncertainty of ever meeting again those we had valued and lost. He was very sympathetic, and spoke kindly of my many losses and sorrows. My own great support and hope comes from the belief that our life here is but the first stage of a long journey; and I said something implying this, adding that I fully believed all whom I had lost were happier than they had been here, and that they were waiting for those they had left behind. 'Ah, no,' he said despondingly; 'they are all gone, we know not whither,

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\* By the arrangement of another outlet through the playground, the exit of the children is now better regulated.

and there is nothing whatever to give us any information as to their state.' I dared not say another word on this question, for it would have been useless to appeal for the confirmation of facts to Gospel narrative, though he called himself an old Scotch Presbyterian. And as to ghosts, or any other supposed evidence of another state, I remembered his judgment of some phenomena not wisely received—indeed, very imperfectly comprehended—that it was 'a liturgy of dead sea-apes,' so I did not attempt to defend my own conviction. But it is so natural to a Scotchman to believe in second sight, which is half-way to accepting spiritual, or, in the more fashionable phrase, psychic, phenomena, that I can hardly think he would have declared his scepticism as to apparitions. I must not lengthen this little notice, or I could recall several neighbourly kindnesses which we received from Mr. Carlyle; and I hope that many of these showing his consideration for his friends will not be lost and forgotten in the greater interest attending utterances of great social and political principles, by which those who were much with him were impressed, and which, of course, would be first chronicled.

Mr. Carlyle is not quite the last of whom I

could write, for another memory has arisen—that of one greater and better than all. The mention, however, can be little but a name, for I knew Lord Shaftesbury only slightly in his public and charitable work until the later years of his life. But it is pleasant to write, as the last of my reminiscences, the name of one whose whole life was spent in unselfish efforts to promote goodness and to diminish vice and cruelty in the world. For forty years I had worked under Lord Shaftesbury's leadership in many directions, and I knew how his heart bled for the sufferings of the little chimney-sweeps, and how vigorous were his efforts for their relief, and for that of the factory children. His battles for the freedom of the slave, the better treatment of the lunatic and the prisoner—in short, for all who were suffering and oppressed, are written in history; but it is harder to tell how he felt for little children and helpless animals. I often met him on ragged school anniversaries and prize days, and on occasions that brought him into the company of the very poor. He really enjoyed giving the prizes for window-garden shows, noticing the beauties of the finest plants, and often giving shillings or more for a second prize when two plants were



nearly equal. It was not a dry task to be got through, but a pleasant opportunity of meeting his poorer friends ; for he was simple and natural himself, and seemed to feel as much at home with simple and natural people, whose interest was set on the beauty of a pelargonium or a fuchsia, as with his peers with whom he had to legislate for the welfare of millions. Mothers and children watched for his coming, and when he shook hands with those whom he knew, and perhaps recalled some incident of their former meeting, they felt cheered and encouraged to persevere in good and honest ways.

A good clergyman, the Rev. David Laing, incumbent of Trinity Church, N.W., felt much for the little gutter children, whose sport was really to be had only in the gutters and dirty alleys of the neighbourhood. He proposed that a piece of ground—there were plenty of waste lots in the neighbourhood then—should be bought or hired and made into a public playground, the boys and girls being kept apart, and a safe place secured for the babies. I joined Mr. Laing's committee, and was fortunate enough to get some subscriptions for this. A short article which I sent to *Household Words* made the plan known. The

newspapers also gave us some articles, and our prospect was very encouraging. Lord Shaftesbury took the chair at a meeting in Hanover Square Road, Lord Ebury and my husband being on his right and left. It was on that occasion that I was first formally introduced to him, and he told me he had often thought of something of the kind. I told him I fully believed he would bring us success, for all his work was successful. We were going on well—a nice piece of land was negotiated for, and the purchase nearly arranged, when one day at the committee a member, who was an architect, proposed that we should have a stately triumphal arch, of which he had made the plans, for an entry to the ground. Had his idea been adopted, the expense would have been great, and the work would have been incongruous ; for the neighbourhood consisted of small ‘tenements’ and narrow streets. For one, I opposed it strongly. But it appeared there was some defect in the title to the land ; and this caused delay, during which our excellent friend, Mr. Laing, became seriously ill, the affairs of the society fell into great confusion, and the whole plan was abandoned. The want has been supplied by the large playgrounds attached to the Board Schools,

but these might be made more useful in summer than they are now, to the scholars.

It was during the latter part of his life, in which, with all the strength of his strong heart, he took up the cause of the vivisected animals, tortured to satisfy the lust for supposed science, that I became personally acquainted with Lord Shaftesbury, and am happy in remembering that I have talked and shaken hands with him. I have said supposed science. I have heard it called false science, and justly, if, as the highest authorities allege, not one of the results attained by vivisection has added any real knowledge to physiology which could not have been reached more certainly by lawful means. Lord Shaftesbury said that vivisection was as needless as it was cruel. But he valued true science, and himself pursued it in another form. Ever since the formation of the Astronomical Society he had been a member, and continued so until his death. My husband always had pleasure in working with him, and though some of their religious opinions differed, there could be no disagreement as to the glory and wonder of the stars. Mr. De Morgan, then honorary secretary, always relied on Lord Shaftesbury for good sense and

sound judgment. He was 'a thoroughly upright and honourable man.' In 1830 the Admiralty applied to the Astronomical Society to investigate the state of the *Nautical Almanack*, which was known to require revision, and on which the safety of all ships of whatever description depended. A committee of forty members was appointed, and Lord Shaftesbury was one. In 1866, long after the work was done, there were but eight of the number left. My husband and Lord Shaftesbury were the two survivors of these, and Lord Shaftesbury was the last.

The last time I saw him was in July, 1885, at the meeting of the Victoria Street Society. This was not long before his death; and though he filled the President's chair, and spoke a few words, he was not strong enough to remain till the end of the proceedings; and his altered and enfeebled look as he left the room, leaning on the arm of a friend, impressed all present with the feeling that they would never see him in that place again. The whole audience stood up in silence, and many shed tears.

A year before he died, he had said to his friend and fellow-worker, Miss Cobbe, 'When I feel age creeping on me, and know I must soon die—

I hope it is not wrong to say it—but I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery there is in it.' This was the most unselfish thought, for, whatever were his theological notions of the next state, he could hardly doubt that it would be better than the one he was leaving. And as so much of his happiness here consisted in giving relief to suffering and misery, the same sources of happiness in a higher form would, it seems certain, await him on entering a new life. I hope it is not a presumptuous belief that the friend of the slave, the prisoner, and, above all, the suffering child, is still happy in ministering to their welfare.

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ERRATA.

- Page 134 (note), *for* 'Bailey' *read* 'Baily.'
- Page 145 (note) and page 151 (note), *for* 'A. J. Noel Byron' *read*  
'A. I. Noel Byron.'

THE END.



